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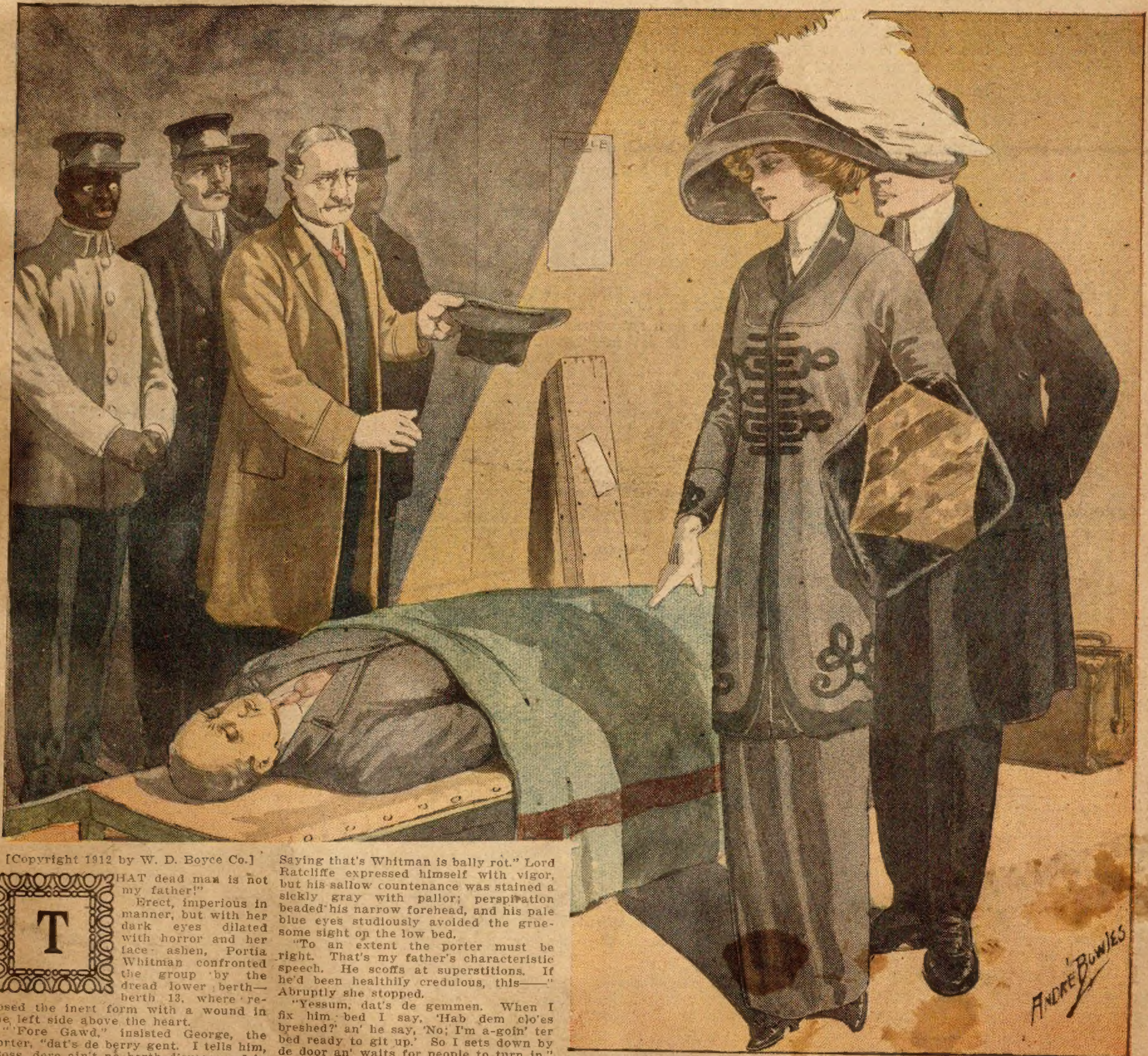
In Berth Thirteen;

Or, THE GREAT KALMA DIAMOND

By MASON RAY



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"THAT dead man is not my father!"

Erect, imperious in manner, but with her dark eyes dilated with horror and her face ashen, Portia Whitman confronted the group by the dread lower berth—berth 13, where reposed the inert form with a wound in the left side above the heart.

"'Fore Gawd," insisted George, the porter, "dat's de berry gent. I tells him, 'Boss, dere ain't no berth disumgaged in dis yere sleepah 'cept 13, an' dat one 'ud been took on'y for de hoodoo numbah.' He laughs real hearty an' says, 'A fig for hoodoos! Make 'er up an' hussle. I'm dead beat.' He were dressed 'zackly like dat dead man in gray plaid, an' didn't wear no beard." The badly frightened negro mentioned the last item as a clincher. With rolling eyes he glanced from the distressed conductor to Lord Ratcliffe, then from Ben Ward—the big Westerner who had occupied the upper berth—to Portia Whitman for facial evidence of belief.

"Say, this is awful nonsense, you know. I've traveled with Whitman from London and been his guest over there. Saying that's Whitman is bally rot." Lord Ratcliffe expressed himself with vigor, but his sallow countenance was stained a sickly gray with pallor; perspiration beaded his narrow forehead, and his pale blue eyes studiously avoided the gruesome sight on the low bed.

"To an extent the porter must be right. That's my father's characteristic speech. He scoffs at superstitions. If he'd been healthily credulous, this——" Abruptly she stopped.

"Yessum, dat's de gemmen. When I fix him bed I say, 'Hab dem clo'es breshed?' an' he say, 'No; I'm a-goin' ter bed ready to git up.' So I sets down by de door an' waits for people to turn in."

"You went to sleep, you fool," accused the conductor. "And you," said he, addressing the bulky, bronzed, and clear-eyed stranger who had slept in the upper berth, "you say you retired at ten, yet heard nothing amiss?"

"Nothing beyond the usual night sounds on a sleeper," reiterated Ben Ward. "Since I was the second one to claim a berth, the confusion of others going to bed annoyed me. The moment I dozed another berth would be demanded, and I'd wake to the chorus of snores. Sometimes there seemed to be an uproar from every bed in the car but the one below me. I noticed that the occupant was silent, as if undisturbed." Ward's direct gaze met the conductor's squarely, then turned compassionately toward the girl who was speaking.

"That's not my father," she stated, with the impatience of strained nerves. "He's dressed in similar clothes, is like my father in build and general appearance. But the features are a direct contrast. Besides, this man's clothing is new; father's suit of gray had been worn abroad and on shipboard."

She was right. The murdered man's suit of gray tweed had every appearance of being fresh from the tailor or clothing house that supplied it. Even the expensive silk negligee was immaculate, save for the ominous stain within the coat and above the heart.

"Whether this man is your relative or not, you and your traveling companion will be wanted at the inquest." Conductor Evans spoke with decision. The sinister happening on his train had likewise rasped his nerves beyond endurance. Moreover, the affair had resolved itself into a mystery that baffled solution. Unquestionably Whitman, the eccentric millionaire, had been the first to enter the sleeper and retire. Undoubtedly he had taken No. 13, and had, as usual when sleeping on trains, retained his clothing in readiness for the always expected disaster. At six o'clock in the morning the restless Westerner had discovered and reported the murder. One hour later he

(Continued on page three.)

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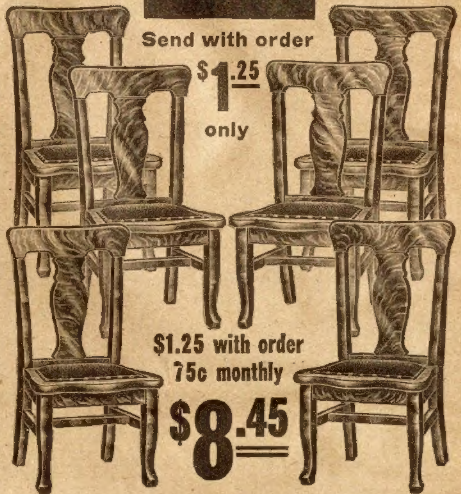

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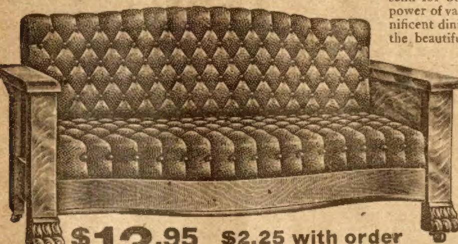

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In Berth Thirteen.

(Continued from page one.)

had managed to clear the sleeper of possibly hysterical inmates and summon Miss Whitman and Lord Ratcliffe. Now, to his unbounded amazement, the dead man's friends denied relationship. The daughter, white as a statue of marble, admitted that the unknown was dressed like her parent, occupied the berth her father had accepted, but was, to her, a total stranger. Intently he studied the woman of regal carriage, clad in the latest traveling costume of ash-colored cloth, and now intently regarding him with fearless eyes of velvety brown that were dark as midnight.

"Are you certain that your telegrams cover the towns we've passed since nine last night?" she questioned. "If my father for any reason left the car at some way station he'll wire; but if there's been foul play——" The girl's superb self-control almost deserted her at the word.

"Yes," the conductor assured her. "Operators have notified every city, town, and hamlet. Moreover, we notified our claim agent to have a coroner, his jury, and officers with an ambulance waiting at the next stop. As for you, Mr. Ward, you're the only person on the sleeper whose testimony is of value. We'll ask you, likewise, to remain until after the hearing."

Ben Ward nodded. "Very well; but you'll find I'm neither responsible for this murder, nor have I knowledge of the whereabouts of Mr. Whitman."

"No one is under suspicion," Evans reminded him. "But you used an adjacent berth, were the next passenger, after Whitman, to retire, and are the only one, in short, who can tell anything about the murder—if you wish."

A wind-driven blast from the locomotive drowned Ward's angry reply. The wheels slowed to a stop. Passengers poured from the train and thronged the station platform. They were at Brewster, the town selected for an inquest.

Immediately the road's alert, keen-eyed claim agent appeared in advance of a tall, white haired man of military appearance, two officers, and several men in citizen's attire.

"This is Dr. Engleman, coroner at Brewster." John Shult, the agent, indicated the erect, white-haired man in a general introduction. "Now we'll ask these witnesses to step over to the waitingroom where we've decided to hold this hastily arranged inquest." He glanced about with a smile that was intended to placate. He wished to secure the good will, and if possible, to restore the good humor of possible claimants. While he talked, his quick glance verified the statements sent him during that hour by Evans. He bowed politely as the conductor named each detained passenger, then, with silent invitation, he led the way from the car.

Outside was the lowering gloom of a rain-threatening November day, augmenting groups of curious travelers, intent upon learning the reason for the ejectment from the sleeper and the dun-colored station. Train boys and local pedlers whistled, screamed, and howled their wares amid the jostling throng, but none paid heed. On a parallel track a handcar passed toward the west, with the repair gang automatically rising and falling as they toiled at the levers. Lord Ratcliffe, pasty-white and with his faded blue eyes still expressing measureless horror, walked by the side of Portia Whitman. She, with head proudly poised, paced the short distance with firm step. Her glance seemed to perceive nothing, yet she noted every move of the big stranger who had occupied the upper berth during that eventful night. She found herself photographing on a reluctant brain the features cast in generous mold, bronzed by days and nights in the open, and ennobled by the absence of mean thought. When he stepped aside at the station-room door for her to enter, she saw that his gray eyes were placid and level-gazing. Then, as train hands approached in charge of a covered burden, he deliberately intercepted his bulky form between her dark observant eyes and the grim sight. Ten minutes later the half-dozen men of the jury were seated in line, Dr. Engleman, the coroner, presided, and the inquest was in session with George, the white-eyed porter, on the stand.

"No one disputes your statement that Mr. Whitman entered berth 13," interrupted the coroner, after the negro had several times reiterated the fact. "But can you tell us how and why he left the train?"

"He didn't leab no train," asserted the distressed black. "I swear dat's de berry same man. W'en he goes to bed I 'ticularly notice dat white silk shirt an' blue tie, dem gray check clo'es an' tan boots. An' I ax him, 'Boss, d'ye want 'em breshed?' An' he say, 'Nope; I'm dead beat. I'm goin' to turn in all ready to git up.' Goin' ter bed wid him boots on is ag'in' de rules; but dem rich guys can 'ford to ac' anyways they likes. So I shut up an' went an' set down to res' m'se'f."

"How long did you sleep?" Dr. Engleman's deep-set eyes extracted the truth from the porter like taking wine from an inverted bottle.

"'Deed, boss, anybody'd drap off for a nap. I jes' dozed 'till Mr. Ward ober dere come fo' his berth an' clumb up. It were 'bout ten, jes' an houah aftah Mr. Whitman turned in."

"And neither you nor Mr. Ward observed anything wrong?"

"'Deed, no. Mr. Ward, he say, 'Oh, dat's the roos', eh? Den it's me for the hay,' an' he clumb."

Ben Ward next testified. His answers to the preliminary questions revealed the facts that his residence was legally in a town of Nebraska, but that he constantly shifted from point to point, being a civil engineer, and just then was on his way to employment in San Francisco John Shult, the road's attorney, received permission from the coroner briefly to question the witness.

"When did you retire?" he queried.

"About ten o'clock."

"Are you certain that no one moved in the lower berth between that hour and daybreak?"

"Yes; I am positive. I sleep with trigger touch. The least sound disturbs me. I've been employed where vigilance is part of my job both day and night."

"How did you discover that the man below you was dead?"

"The unnatural quiet attracted my attention. All night this silence contrasted strangely with the restlessness of others. At six I investigated to see if the berth was, after all, occupied. It was. And the occupant lay on his right side with a blood-congealed wound showing over the heart."

"What weapon was used?" This question was asked by the coroner.

"I don't know. There was neither knife nor dagger to be found; but the clean cut indicated that a narrow blade had been used, and that the blow had caused instant death."

"Then you notified the conductor?"

"Yes; Conductor Evans verified my statement; then, at a small station, telegraphed ahead, and left certain instructions with the operator."

After several queries with regard to clearing the sleeper of passengers and the summoning of Miss Whitman, the engineer was dismissed and Lord Ratcliffe took his place.

In a voice that occasionally trembled, despite every effort at control, he managed to make known that his home was in London, that his age was thirty-six, and that, in company with Mr. Whitman and his daughter, he was en route from Chicago to Los Angeles.

"How did it happen that you were not in the same sleeper with your friend?" This query was the result of a moment's conference between Attorney Shult and Dr. Engleman.

"My man knows I'm a bit nervous about riding forward. He secured me a bed farther back."

"Is the dead man from berth 13 Julius Whitman?"

"My God, no!" Lord Ratcliffe's weak blue eyes widened with intense horror, blended with an expression of acute astonishment. He appeared like a man steeped in an agony of painful amazement. Sweat-drops beaded his dough-white face. Involuntarily he glanced toward the covered figure awaiting the undertaker. The sight further unnerved him, until his limbs refused his weight, and with a muttered apology, he accepted a proffered chair.

Immediately, with a contemptuous glance at the anemic lord, and with red lips compressed, Portia Whitman responded to her name. Her fine head was erect; her open, fearless gaze met unmoved the curious scrutiny of the jury. Her delicate features were as composed as if carved in marble, and her low, sweet voice betrayed no agitation. She stated that she and her father were on their way from their Chicago home to Los Angeles, with a stop-over at San Francisco, where they were to visit friends. She further informed the coroner, when asked, that they had met Lord Ratcliffe that spring and summer while traveling abroad, and that at present he was their guest.

"Where is your father?" abruptly asked the coroner.

"I don't know."

"What do you think?"

"I believe that for some unaccountable reason he left the train at one of the night stops."

"Where did you spend the evening and night?"

"I read in the chair car until father wished to retire. He then escorted me to a small room set aside for my use in the Hutchinson private coach. This was arranged because of the crowded condition of the train. But father is careless regarding his own comfort, so he accepted a berth in the forward sleeper."

"Are you quite positive that the murdered man is not your relative?"

"Why should I deny him?" she flared. "There is a slight resemblance in features, and the clothing happens to be similar, but the likeness would not deceive even a casual acquaintance."

"Nevertheless, I'm going to ask you again to attempt an identification of the dead man and his clothing," the coroner insisted. "Please step this way."

At this the girl's iron fortitude wavered. "Is it quite essential?" she demurred. "I'll see nothing as long as I live but that corpse!" She turned toward the man she had almost accepted as a husband mutely requesting him to accompany her during the ordeal, but that badly shaken individual, with lowered eyes and moist brow, cowered in his seat.

"Permit me," murmured a voice, and Ben Ward was at her side, had placed a firm hand beneath her elbow, and as a matter of course, conducted her toward the sheeted dead. The officer in charge removed the covering, then waited.

"I never saw this man before today," the girl stated coldly. "But the clothing is identical except for being new. Father's suit had been ruined by sea air and country jaunts." She stood for a time composedly studying the murdered unknown. Ben Ward's presence gave her an amazing sense of security. She forgot to be offended by his presumption in taking the place so cravenly left vacant by her high-born admirer. Besides, his manner had the right shade of deference; he managed to appear as if performing a commonplace act, an obvious civility. The man's big, blond personality caught and held her attention while she listened to questions and gave answers. Instinctively she compared the big Westerner with the ultra-refined, illy-developed, nerve-shaken nobleman. "He's the representative of the new world," she thought of the former, "and the other——" A glance of swiftly growing distaste, almost loathing, finished the reflection.

At a sign from the coroner the attendant swept aside the entire covering from the corpse, revealing the feet shod in wide-heeled boots of tan. As Portia Whitman's eyes followed the movement she stared, then gasped, while her hands clenched to repress a cry.

"So," said Dr. Engleman, dryly, "you recognize the boots."

"No," she denied. "Thousands of men wear shoes like that."

"With the heel built for a receptacle?" said the coroner, in staccato accent. "Lined with steel and cleverly planned as a hiding-place?"

The girl gave a cry of dismay. "If that is true, where is my father?" she cried. "The boots are his; he ordered them made for a purpose. Where can he be, and where is the great Kalma diamond?" She swayed drunkenly, and would have fallen but for Ben Ward's supporting hand.

"Explain," demanded the coroner. "What of this diamond?"

"The stone came from India," the girl told him. "It was the ornament of a Hindoo idol, and was later owned by royalty. My father, as a speculation, purchased it from a London jeweler. That heel of hollow steel was its place of concealment. What devil's work is this?"

Questioning eyes stared. For a moment tomb-like silence ensued. Far down the tracks could be seen the returning hand-car with its rising and falling crew. Their number seemed augmented, and those nearest the windows idly watched its approach.

"What was the value of the jewel?" The question was asked by Attorney Shult.

Portia Whitman hesitated, noting the sickly hue of Lord Ratcliffe's visage and his eyes signaling her to silence. Then she spoke.

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars" she said.

A murmur of astonishment arose. Men looked at one another blankly. Again Shult questioned.

"How many knew that he owned and carried the diamond?"

"No one, I believe, save Lord Ratcliffe and myself." As she named the titled Englishman her eyes flouted him for his cowardice. Despite her new anxiety she had room in her mind to realize that the glamour cast over him by his noble name had vanished. The allurement of being admitted to royal circles influenced her no longer, and love—love had never been a factor.

"Had your father any known enemies?"

"None whatever. Father is exceedingly democratic. He's rough and ready, and a favorite with men of all classes." As she answered she mentally recalled years of rebellion she had waged against her father's easy-going tendency and rough good-fellowship. With heart-loathing she perceived all this had led to her nearly completed arrangement for a foreign marriage—a marriage intended on one side to recoup a squandered patrimony, on the other to throw wide the closed doors of the most exclusive aristocracy. In that moment she understood and respected her parent's love for the laboring man, plain living, and plain speech.

Dr. Engleman had barely indicated his wish for the officer to cover the dead again and the witness to be seated, when the door swung open, and on the threshold appeared an astounding group. In the foreground advanced a portly officer guarding a handcuffed prisoner. Behind them lined up the smut-begrimed crew of the hand-car.

"So you found him!" Attorney Shult spoke with the joy of one who recovers a long-lost friend.

"Rounded him up in the smoker. Had the knife with him just as you predicted. It all worked out like a sum in subtraction." The officer pushed his man forward into the room, and gazed about with a prideful air of possession. "He's Buck Wilson, a New York thug, recognized him by his being careless 'bout showing that scar on his wrist described in the old circulars. Fetched him back on the flat car. Pump him yourself."

"There's your next witness, Dr. Engleman," said Shult. "I had Billy Downs go on with the train and hunt him out. I made up my mind that the murderer would remain on board. That's him."

Sullen, low-browed, but with piercingly intelligent eyes, the man faced the astonished coroner like an animal at bay. With unbelievable frankness he readily admitted his identity as Buck Wilson, and that he had killed the occupant of berth 13.

"Who is the dead man?" the coroner inquired, while the profound stillness of the room showed the interest of his audience.

"Slippery Sam, an expert diamond thief."

"Why had he copied Mr. Whitman's attire?"

"Sam's an artist. He dresses the part and follows a famous jewel from the hour of its purchase. He noticed that he resembled the millionaire gent and built on it for a get-away."

"Where is the diamond?" The coroner asked the question with shot-like abruptness.

An intensely puzzled expression overspread the prisoner's dark face. "I don't know. That's why I stuck by the train. Sam must have hid it."

"Where is Mr. Whitman?"

Again the prisoner seemed mystified. "I have no idea. Sam gave me the slip and worked early. I missed him and followed up. He had dropped off for a nap in Whitman's berth, waiting for a slow down at a station. Dressed in them togs he could walk out like going to a picnic, even if he had a dead man in the berth. Besides, the nigger was asleep. When I see him I thought it was Whitman myself."

"When you found out that he was a fellow burglar, why did you kill him?"

The prisoner's penetrating gaze fastened on the face of the questioner. "Because," was his astounding answer, "I was hired by Mr. Whitman to protect his diamond. When Sam put up a fight, I got him first. After that I convinced myself that he hadn't got the sparkler about him, and that he hadn't swallowed it."

"We noticed," the coroner stated, coolly, "that you had opened the stomach. Outside of that your story won't wash. You allowed Downs to arrest you in the character of a murderer. Moreover, you fail to enlighten us concerning the whereabouts of your employer."

"I didn't ask Downs to arrest me. He see me peeling an apple and fancied the knife. Said it fit the job in berth 13. He was that sudden an' unexpected it took me by surprise. As for Whitman, I was paid to look out for his diamond, not him."

The man's last words were drowned in the near screech of an incoming engine. Instantly the black-plumed monster slid into place by the platform. Three men descended from the caboose, and one of these limped to the waiting-

(Continued on page four.)

IF YOU WERE LOST.

Heart of my heart—my life—my light!
If you were lost, what should I do?
I dare not trust you from my sight,
Lest death should fall in love with you.

Such countless perils lie in wait!
The gods know well how fair you are.
What if they left me desolate
And took and set you for a star?

Out West Stories

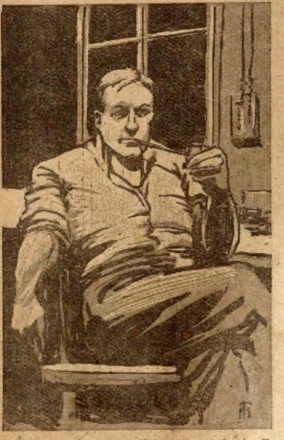
The Man at Eldorado

By Bruce Farson

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

THREE hours since, the sun, a red wafer, had sunk below the flat outer rim of the sagebrush-covered land. Like the blackness that succeeds a snuffed-out candle, night had enveloped the brown mesa and distant mountains. The double band of steel rails, above which shimmering heat waves had danced all day, had disappeared. Only the unwinking green eyes of the switch lights at either end of the siding, punctuated the dark like periods of conclusion to the day's chapter.

Curtis, the night man at Eldorado, nodded in his uptilted chair, his feet boosted to the edge of his knife-hacked table, his arms clasped behind his neck. His shirt, open at the neck and with the sleeves torn off above the elbows, clung wetly to his shoulders. His shock of black hair matted over his temples. Above his head, a kerosene lamp, half-shaded by a square of cardboard, gulped and guttered. A broad shadow smeared the wall where its untrimmed wick had smoked the chimney. Curtis grunted.



"Lord, this is a lonesome hole."

"Lord, this is a lonesome hole!" he growled. "Talk about dry rot!- I wish the old man could find some easier way for me to learn the railroad business."

The telegraph instrument on his table began to gabble, and he reached out for his pad and pencil and scrawled the message. Then he pounded out his acknowledgment and resumed his attitude of ease.

His thoughts wandered back to his university days. It seemed like yesterday that he had been receiving his sheepskin.

"I wonder what they're doing in the 'Yard,'" he ruminated. "Tomorrow the 'finals' begin. It doesn't seem as if it was only a year ago tonight that I was 'bucking' for 'em and trying not to listen to the fellows singing under the trees. Gad, I'd like to see the crew skin the Elis! I can hear the fellows singing 'Up the Street' now. Good old bunch!" He flared a match over the bowl of his pipe and puffed furiously.

From the track walker's shack over the water tank, a guitar began to complain.

"There goes Miguel again! That's bad enough, but maybe he'll sing!"

He rose and gulped a dipperful of lukewarm water. Far to the eastward a whistle sang soft and velvety in the distance. Curtis lounged to the window and hung half over the sill.

"That's Number Five. In three minutes her headlight'll show around Poison Mesa." He balanced his watch in his sweaty palm.

Gradually the rails began to tick to the far-off pounding of Number Five's wheels over the fishplates. Louder and louder they sang. Then a yellow ray of light flicked into view, swept a wide arc, and then compressed into a cyclopean eye that brought out the track till the rails looked like two ever-widening yellow straws. He snapped his watch case shut.

"Three minutes and five seconds! Flaherty was a sittle slow tonight," he said and went back to his chair.

With a hiss of steam and a grinding of spark-spitting brake shoes Number Five's big mogul, followed by its string of rattling 'empties,' jolted by the station toward the tank. Curtis heard the clank of the chain as the fireman pulled down the water spout. He saw the flicker of Flaherty's torch upon the box cars as the engineer got down to oil up. The conductor ambled in for orders.

"Hello, Bo!" he grinned. "How yuh makin' it?"

"Pretty fair, Bill; but say, it's hot!"

"Ain't it hell?"

The conductor shook his head, crumpled the order sheets in his hand, and stalked out.

"So long, Bo!" he called back.

"So long!" echoed Curtis.

He saw the trainman's lantern cut a blazing signal in front of his window. The clink of tightening couplings clattered down the string of cars. Laboriously they began to move. There was a dim gleam of lights as the caboose passed; the conductor swung up on the rear step, and the freight was gone.

Curtis watched the tail lights grow small and fade out. Then he stretched and stood over his table while he filled his pipe. He tamped the tobacco methodically into the black bowl, cupping it in his fist. His hand stretched out toward his tin box of matches, then paused. He half turned toward the door. He heard the scrape of a boot on the threshold.

"Hands up!" he heard a voice drawl.

He raised them obediently.

"Now yuh c'n turn 'round!" the voice went on. Curtis did so. A short man leaned against the flimsy rail that screened off the office and held a huge blue .44 revolver so that the operator could look into the barrel. It seemed to him that the night had suddenly turned chill. The sweat evaporated from his face. His scalp itched.

He noticed the clean wide lines of the short man's shoulders and his chest that bulged through the open front of his red undershirt. He saw the grease and dirt that mottled his loosely cut trousers. He studied the mouth that showed below the black handkerchief which enveloped the upper half of his visitor's face. At last he spoke.

"Well, where d'you drop from?"

"Brake beams of the freight."

"What you want?"

"Why, I just dropped in for a time table, mister." The mouth below the handkerchief twisted into a wry grin.

Curtis flushed under the other's sarcasm. Then his hand strayed slowly toward the half-open drawer of his table.

"Drop it!" snarled the bandit. He crouched menacingly over the rail. Curtis obeyed.

"Now, young feller, what time does the Limited get here?" The mouth had drawn back into a straight seam.

"Ten-twenty."

"What time is it now?"

"Ten o'clock."

"She stops for water, don't she?"

The operator hesitated, the fraction of a second. He thought of how, in twenty minutes, the Limited would rocket through Eldorado, pounding out its fifty-five-second mile. He also thought of what the bandit would do when he saw its tail lights whipping out of sight. He set his teeth. There was a chance that——

"Yes, she stops," he replied.

"You lie!" roared the other. "Don't try to 'con' me!" He crouched again.

Something in the droop of his shoulders brought to Curtis' mind the picture of a rain-swept football field, with a blue-jerseyed quarterback set to tackle him as he lunged down the field with the ball.

"Pull your semaphore on to the red," the bandit ordered, and the picture faded.

Curtis glared into the eyes that gleamed behind the round holes in the handkerchief. He looked into the barrel of the revolver that held on him as steadily as rock. Then he stepped forward and threw over his semaphore till the light gleamed red instead of green.

After that, for a space, the two men faced each other, Curtis sitting on the edge of the table, the other lolling watchfully against the rail. The operator's muscles ached from the strain of holding them tense for a spring the minute the gunbarrel wavered, but it did not waver. His watch, lying face up by his hand, showed ten minutes past ten—ten minutes more if the Limited was on time. The instrument at his back began to rattle his call. He turned.

"Let it alone!" snapped the man at the rail. When he saw that his order had been obeyed, he went on: "What's it say?"

Curtis measured his antagonist, then discarded the lie that was on his tongue.

"Number One passed Dominez on time. That's the first station east."

"Is Number One the Limited?"

"Yes."

The bandit shook himself. He ran his fingers along his well-filled cartridge belt. The barrel of the revolver lowered a little, wavered. Then Curtis sprang. He took one step and a long drive that struck the bandit just above the knees. His arms wound tight and squeezed and with a crash they both hit the floor. The practiced ease which the man he had tackled fell, unaccountably recalled football to his mind once more. Dimly he heard a scraping sound as the revolver flew across the boards. He felt the legs beneath him writhe slipperily out of his embrace. He staggered blindly to his knees, and threw himself upon the squirming figure. This time it lay still. He looked warily around for the revolver, then leaped up and out and pounced on it.

"Now I've got you!" he cried, and bent it over the man on the floor.

The bandit sat up. He tore off his mask and threw it from him, then bowed his head in his hands.

"Yes, you have!" he muttered.

Curtis let the revolver wabble dangerously. He stood poised on the balls of his feet, staring at the man on the floor.

"By gad, you are!" he exclaimed.

The bandit looked up, his face dumb with despair.

"You got me on the twenty-yard line and spoiled my touchdown!" Curtis added.

The prisoner's look of despair changed to one of incredulity.

"You're——" he stammered.

"Curtis! I played left half against you for three years!"

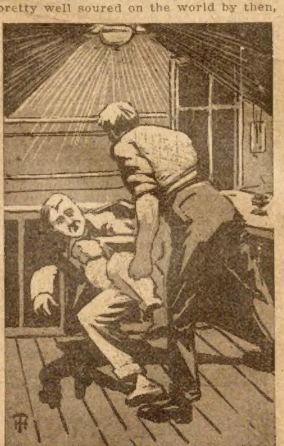
"I remember you, now," said the other dully. "I wish it had been some one that didn't know me," he went on with lowered head, "but I figured this in when I planned the thing."

"What made you do it?"

The ex-quarterback looked up, his eyes flaring.

"What made me do it? I'll tell you. I was due to graduate last spring, but two weeks before the 'finals' I got a telegram that my father was very sick. I went home by the first train, but I was too late. The dear old fellow couldn't wait for me. When the funeral was over, his lawyers came to see me, and told me that there was nothing left to hand over to me. After they all were paid, poor old Dad stood just about even with the world. He and I'd been pretty close together since mother died; but we'd never talked about money. He'd always sent me all I wanted and I'd never known or cared where it came from. It seemed he had been losing out for a year before the end, but the game old fellow never told me. The crash that broke him was too much for him.

"Well, there was nothing left for me to do but to hustle for myself. I had a lot of fine ideas at first. It took me about two months to get over them. You know how much a college man is worth in business. I wasn't even a success as an office boy. I tried for a long time, Curtis. My last attempt was in Denver. I lasted there a week before I was fired. I was pretty well soured on the world by then, and I got this idea. You know how it worked. I guess that's all. Anyway, there's no one to care." He bowed his head again.



"By Gad, you are!"

Behind Poison Mesa a chime whistle sounded. Curtis stood looking down at him for a long time. Then he scratched his head.

"I need a helper here, and I guess I understand you better than some of the people you've worked under. There won't be much in it at first, but I'll take you up with me just for the touchdown you spoiled. What do you say?"

"You mean you'll trust me?" creid the other, scrambling to his feet.

The rails were beginning to crackle the signal of the Limited's coming. Curtis walked over and switched the semaphore's light back again to green.

"I guess we don't want 'er to stop tonight," he said.

The "Out West Story" in next week's Ledger will be a most remarkable story by Paul Crissey, called "Killed in Mercy." When you have read it, you will probably think about it for a long time.

* * *

In Berth Thirteen.

(Continued from page three.)

room, threw open the door, and stood framed therein. He was stocky and solid in build, clean-shaven, and clad in gray check. His left arm hung in a sling, his head was bandaged. His feet were incased in ill-fitting slippers. For a moment he stood surveying the group with wide-open gray eyes that were quizzical in expression and that glinted with humor.

"An operator down the line told me I'd find——" he began, when Portia was at his side and embraced him with an ardor that was eloquent for her relief.

"Father! Where have you been? What happened?" she ejaculated.

"Got pitched off the train," explained this last witness at the somewhat informal inquest. "Went to bed last night and fell asleep in spite of the d—d porter's snoring. Was wakened by the smell of chloroform and a fellow tugging at my boots. Saw him making off with 'em and followed. They're extra good boots. Paid a man one price to build 'em and twice as much to shut his mouth. Caught up with the chap on the rear platform and grabbed for 'em, but the cursed thug shoved me overboard. Had on clothes like mine, the infernal scoundrel! Had a good look at him when we gripped. But the drug made me groggy; I tumbled at a shove, hit a sand pile, and rolled over and over. That's why——"

"Is this the man?" Attorney Shult stood by the uncovered body of the unknown as he asked the question. Mr. Whitman looked toward the man who interrupted his speech, then down at the corpse.

"That's the very chap! Stone dead and serves him right." He stepped forward to better view his impersonator, and caught sight of the prisoner.

"Well, I'll be hanged if Wilson ain't here, too, and trussed like a thief! What's this all about?"

"I did that defending your diamond," declared the rogue, who had been employed to watch rogues of greater eminence. "I tried to recover it for you, but it's gone."

"Like hell you defended it!" declared the rough-spoken man of wealth. "You were trying to steal it."

"Prove it!" jeered the prisoner.

"I didn't trust you an inch," stated the millionaire. "But I thought it policy to pit one thief against the pack. When thieves fall out, honest men get their due. It was a guarantee of safety. But you exceeded the limit and made a mess of it. Now you're pinched."

"Not to hurt," Buck Wilson assured him. "Instead when I report to the department I'll get a boost. They've been wantin' Sam, dead or 'live, an' I got him. Offsets a little deal o' mine down East."

"Now, Mr. Whitman," broke in the coroner, "your evidence, so far, has been informally presented; but I want to ask one more question. Where is the diamond that has caused all this disturbance?"

The owner of the hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar gem looked toward the speaker. His gray eyes twinkled.

"The Kalma? Why, the cussed stone's in one o' my pockets. D'you think I'm fool enough to wear it in my boot?"

The end.

* * *

He Said Something.

"I was up in the Panhandle campaigning," said a Texas member at the New Willard, "and dropped into a court just as the judge had fined one of the attorneys for contempt.

"The offending attorney's first name was Elias—it would hardly be fair to tell his other name—and he was very much disturbed at the prospect of paying $50, the fine assessed.

"He decided to try and talk himself out of his trouble, and with a penitent air said: 'Jedge, I regret the action of your honor. Your honor knows that gettin' $50 together at one time is an awful hard job for me. It's all I can do to support my family. I feel that my punishment is just, but I can't pay the fine. Tell you what I'll do. If the court will remit that fine I'll buy a drink.'

"We all thought the judge was going to send the lawyer to jail for making such a proposition, but he just looked wise and owly for a few moments while he was considering the matter, then turned to the sheriff and said:

"'Mr. Sheriff, you may adjourn this court. Elias has said something.'"

* * *

Explaining an Objection.

"You object to my smoking cigarettes because you think they will injure my health?" said the young man with the fuzzy hat.

"No, my son," replied the sarcastic parent; "I am merely afraid the pictures in each package will spoil your artistic taste."

THE VANISHED BRIDE;

Or, THE MYSTIC PROFILE

By EDYTH KIRKWOOD

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CHAPTER XV.

"Where have ye drifted her, winds of the ocean?
Where have ye stranded her, waves of the sea?
What is the fate that hath claimed her and wrapped her?
Whisper, oh, whisper the secret to me.
Answer, oh, answer!"

THE evening arrived. No one unaware of the peculiar character of the establishment could have imagined there was anything out of the way with the actors or audience. All were bright, courteous, happy, and well dressed.

Some of the costumes were tasteful and becoming. A few verged on the extravagant in cut or color; especially was this noticeable in the men. Those taking parts were as gorgeous as they were permitted to be, while the others had to content themselves with evening dress and brilliant buttonhole bouquets.

Caryl seemed to have shaken off the depression which had weighed upon her. She was looking her best. The light of hope shone from her clear eyes, and the excitement gave her a slight flush which was very attractive. Many admiring glances followed her as she performed her part.

"Our young friend is attracting almost too much attention," remarked Mr. Wolverton to Tom Allison, during an interval.

"The same idea occurred to me," replied Tom. "If this goes on, you will find it rather difficult to get her away. However, something new may direct the attention of our rather flighty audience; and if so, lose no time. Seize your moment."

"Trust me for that," said Mr. Wolverton. "Our vigilant Dr. Grey is disappearing—back to his beloved laboratory. I wonder what he is doing there."

"I don't know, but I have been tormented for some minutes past with an odor of burning. I hope he does not blow us up."

"The odor may come from the chemicals we are using to make the colored lights on the stage. I perceive it quite distinctly. But the orchestra is beginning to assemble. You are wanted before we begin our second act."

The comedietta ended well, without mishap or blunder. Some tableaux were to follow.

Caryl and Mr. Wolverton, with several others, withdrew into the wings.

They were presently astounded to see Miss Lynn appear suddenly from both sides of the stage. Supposing the apparition to be some effect produced by mirrors, they were watching intently, when just before the curtain rose Mr. Allison joined them.

"Now is your time," he said in a low tone.

Up went the curtain. Exclamations of wonder and delight greeted the well-poised, graceful figures which were identical in every detail.

Mr. Wolverton and Mrs. Emery took advantage of this moment to slip away. Caryl had taken the precaution to keep a long, dark storm cloak at hand. Pulling this over her gay attire, she followed Mr. Wolverton through the corridors. As they crossed the main hall, the odor of something burning again made itself manifest, and they saw a thin puff of smoke coming from the passage that led to Dr. Grey's laboratory.

"He has probably dropped some combustible chemical," whispered Mr. Wolverton. "I will put you safely into the carriage and return to give the alarm."

"Yes," she agreed, "that will be best."

The gatekeeper appeared to be deaf and blind, or absent. Anyway, he made no effort to stop them. The gate was not even locked. There was merely a slender bolt to be drawn, and Caryl Emery was free.

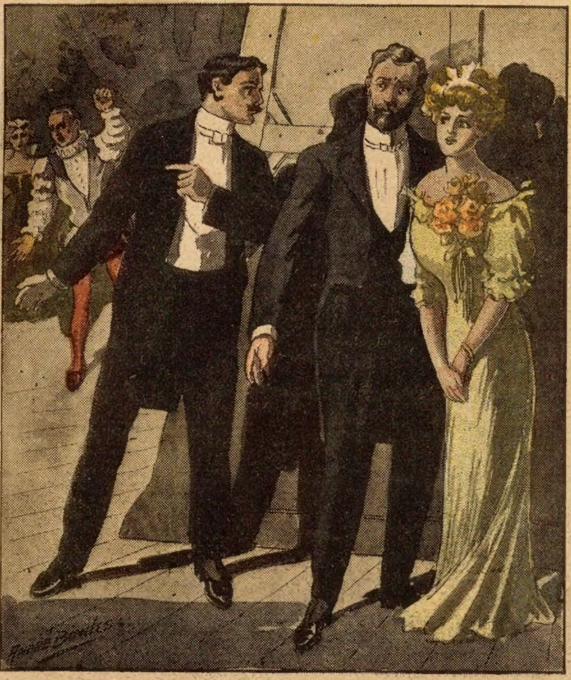
"I hate to leave you," said Mr. Wolverton; "but the gatekeeper really seems to be absent, the lodge is empty. Duty demands that I return. You are not afraid to wait a moment?"

"I am—just a little afraid," she replied, wistfully; "but we have no choice. Please don't be long."

He hurried back, and knocking loudly at the door of the laboratory, cried "Fire!"

The door was instantly thrown open. Dr. Grey rushed out in the wildest terror to press the electric button that called for the engines. But even in his alarm he could observe that Mr. Wolverton, on hearing him, had turned the wrong way.

"Where are you going?" he demanded, sharply. "Why do you go toward the front entrance? There is not the slightest danger. The place is fireproof. The only thing to fear is a panic among the patients. Don't start it by running away."



"Now is your time."

"The gatekeeper!" gasped Mr. Wolverton, quivering with anxiety and impatience. "Don't you need him? Shan't I fetch him for you?"

"Oh—the gatekeeper! That was your idea in going out, was it? No; I don't need him. The firemen will be here in a moment. They have special orders and know how to behave. They will enter quietly without noise or clatter. They are drilled for such an emergency. It is nothing, after all, but a smoldering carpet. Just go back to your theatricals and say nothing."

Mr. Wolverton had no choice but to comply. Dr. Grey was an autocrat on his own premises. Obedience was obligatory.

Reluctantly the unfortunate conspirator turned toward the bright little theater. As he passed through the door it was quickly closed, and to his horror he heard the key turned on the outside. His heart sank within him.

Dr. Grey had taken such precautions as he thought best to save the patients.

Seeking Mr. Allison, Mr. Wolverton told him quietly what had occurred.

"Oh! man, man!" groaned Tom, "why did you go to him? If you had spoken to me I could have notified him. I fear all is lost, unless, indeed, Mrs. Emery can take care of herself. Was Miss Wolverton there with Dr. Bolton, according to agreement?"

"No, she was not!" exclaimed Mr. Wolverton. "I cannot understand it. There is some hitch. I never observed their absence, so occupied was I with this fire. There! I hear the engines."

"We must get out of this," said Tom Allison. "Wait a second—there is Nurse Lynn. She will aid us."

"Tell me," he continued, addressing her. "Is there any way to get out of this? We are locked in—a carpet or rug is on fire. The doctor dropped some combustible stuff which has raised a smoke. Mrs. Emery is at the gate in the wrong carriage. The engines are coming."

"This way," she said quietly. "Here. Under the stage, along this narrow passage. Open the door at the end, and you will be in the garden."

Without waiting to thank her, they ran in the direction indicated and met the firemen at the gates.

There was no carriage in sight.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Not this! not this!
Why leave me this last drop in the cup,
So deathly that I cannot drink it up
Without a quivering lip?"

"The best thing you can do, Mr. Wolverton," said Tom Allison, deterring him as he was about to rush wildly in search, "the best thing you can do is to return with me through the passage Miss Lynn showed us. Mrs. Emery has gone by herself or has again been spirited away. If you are found among the patients who are locked in, no suspicion can attach to you, and you will be allowed to go when you please. Otherwise you may get yourself involved in a very serious charge and suffer no end of annoyance."

Mr. Wolverton groaned.

"You are right, I know," he replied, "but how I have bungled the whole wretched business!"

"Pretty well, I grant you," said Mr. Allison; "but perhaps not fatally. Time alone will tell. Meanwhile, let us act promptly and return. It is all we can do, now."

Miss Lynn was watching by the door. Beside her stood her counterpart, who greeted Mr. Wolverton and held out her hand. Instantly he recognized the voice and manner, and turned from one to the other perplexed.

"Don't look so amazed, Mr. Wolverton," said the Miss Lynn whose voice he knew. "We are twins. I am Ellyn, Miss Christine's companion; this is Rosalie, my sister. Has something gone amiss in your plans?"

In a few words the situation was explained to the ladies, who expressed the deepest concern.

"How was it, I wonder," said Mr. Wolverton, "that Dr. Bolton and Romaine were not in the carriage according to agreement? If they had been there, all would have gone well, even though I had been absent."

"Why, I can account for that," said Ellyn Lynn. "Mr. Emery received a telegram this morning before I left. It was signed with your name and said that Dr. Bolton and Miss Wolverton were not to come, as a change in your plans rendered their presence unnecessary."

"Delphine's work," thought Mr. Wolverton, but he said nothing.

"What are you going to do next?" asked Tom Allison, practically.

"I scarcely know," replied Mr. Wolverton. "I suppose the best thing would be to get away as speedily as possible and set about the search."

"You mean to return to the Wolverton mansion, your own home, I suppose?"

"As my headquarters, yes; but I shall hunt far and wide until I find Alan Emery's wife. I see now that he and Dr. Bolton were right when they insisted that straightforward ways are always best. Would that I had taken their advice!"

"It must be all for the best, since it is permitted to be," said Rosalie Lynn; "I have read somewhere that 'it is by no means certain that because it is not the work of God it is not His will.'"

There was a moment's silence while they all pondered over this rather obstruse idea, and then Tom Allison said:

"I am going to do an odd thing, Mr. Wolverton. I am going to ask you to take me home with you, to allow me to stay in your house as a guest, with the privilege of entering the 'white chamber' of which I have heard. Pardon me, if this proposal is painful to you, but I have an idea that by a few experiments I may materially aid your search."

"So far as your company goes," replied Mr. Wolverton, cordially, "I should be delighted to invite you to visit me and stay indefinitely—that is, if you could put up with the dullness of our abode. My daughter is a bright little girl; but she has never been able to counteract the oppressive gloom which hangs like a pall 'over at Wolverton's,' as the country people say. The Grecian architecture is partly to blame for this dreariness, for it is severe and partly excludes the light; but the oppression I speak of seems to come from a moral dimness of atmosphere rather than a tangible reality. As for the 'white chamber,'" he went on, with a sigh, "I would advise you not to tamper with its mysteries. But come, my dear sir, by all means, and you shall be free to aid us to the extent of your skill."

"Oh! Tom," said Ellyn Lynn, timidly, "you are not going to devote yourself to those awful mysteries again! Remember how I fear—how I abhor them. The occult inspires me with terror and repulsion."

"Rest easy," he replied, kindly, "there will be no experiments with the black art. You don't object to the use of the crystals, nor to the combination and burning of a few chemicals?"

"No—o," she said, faintly, "not if it is necessary; but I am always afraid of evoking some power which cannot be controlled."

Tom laughed rather uneasily, for he knew only too well that her fears were well founded; but he had no time to reply; a general movement ond warned them that Dr Grey had unlocked the doors and that they must hasten to rejoin the others.

They were not any too soon. The superintendent, roll call in hand, was checking off the patients in a cool, businesslike way.

"Caroline Brown? Where is Caroline Brown?" he said, frowning, as he cast a searching glance about him.

"Caroline Brown, who prefers to call herself Caryl Emery," he repeated, sharply. "Where is she? Miss Lynn, can you answer for Caroline Brown?"

Miss Lynn did not know what to say. She had not foreseen this contingency. She murmured something inarticulate, and looked about her in a dazed way, while the doctor waited, tapping his pencil impatiently against the edge of his book.

"If you please, sir," said the gatekeeper, handing the doctor a note, "this was left just now by a messenger who said it was to be delivered immediately."

"Ah!" said the superintendent, after reading the message. "Mrs. Brown applied some days ago for permission to remove her daughter, Caroline, which permission was given. She has omitted the usual formalities, but though correct and admissible, they are not essential. That explains the absence of Caroline Brown." And he went on with his list.

As the gatekeeper went out, he contrived to pass close to Mr. Wolverton, and said in a very low tone:

"It was not my fault, sir. I did my best. We were outwitted."

"Outwitted—yes; just that," thought Mr. Wolverton. "Outwitted cruelly and craftily by a wicked and revengeful woman!"

He resolved to make his application that very night for permission to return to his home. It was given, and the next day he started with Tom Allison as companion, after sending the following telegram to Dr. Bolton:

"Foiled. Return home today with Mr. Allison."

CHAPTER XVII.

"All the lights in the chamber burnt blue."

Dr. Bolton on receiving the telegram hurried at once to Romaine, who was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing her father.

Christine Emery's sweet face lit up with a reflection of Romaine's delight, though almost immediately it clouded, as she realized that again her brother was doomed to disappointment.

In Alan Emery's heart anger for a while mingled with cruel defeat. That he should have allowed himself to be over-persuaded by a supersensitive man like Mr. Wolverton, that he should have given his consent to a plan so foolish, so risky, when all he had to do was to enter boldly and demand the release of

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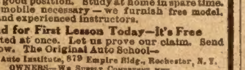

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his wife, made him justly indignant. True, his anger turned chiefly against himself; but both Wolverton and Dr. Bolton came in for a share of his wrath.

"Yet, after all, Alan," said Christine, when he told her how he felt, "after all, each acted for the best. If a thoroughly sensible, practical man like Dr. Bolton could be brought to approve of such a scheme, I do not think you need blame yourself so much."

"Oh!" cried her brother impatiently; "Wolverton was afraid of injuring Romaine by involving her in some scandal about her mother, and he contrived to imbue Dr. Bolton with the same fear."

Christine sighed. She knew this was true; but she could not discuss any question which involved the mention of Delphine.

"But, Alan," she said, gently, after a moment's reflection, "since you did yield and agree to the plan, would it not be more dignified, as well as kinder, to bear it patiently? Now that it has turned out so badly and that we can consider it dispassionately, it does seem incredible that such an insane idea could ever have been accepted seriously."

"Oh! it is simply unbearable," groaned her brother. "My poor Caryl! Where is she now? It might have been better to have left her in the sanitarium, for what will she not have to bear from the uncongenial companionship of a woman like Delphine Wolverton."

"Meanwhile, Alan, Dr. Bolton assures me that this new ally, this friend of Miss Lynn's, who is to visit over at Wolverton's, is likely to be of the greatest use. He is an adept in the same arts which have made the 'white chamber' so fearsome to us all, and who knows? He may discover something which will reveal Caryl's whereabouts."

"I devoutly trust so, though I am naturally skeptical over that sort of nonsense."

"It is very strange about that profile," said Christine, musingly. "Romaine declares that she saw it last night after weeks of immunity."

"Then Delphine is not far off," said Mr. Emery. "However that trickery is done, it must require her supervision. We ought to go over to Wolverton's," he added, rousing himself. "I must, of course, hold down my rage, and be there with the rest of you to welcome him home. You are going, I suppose?"

"Yes, I am going with Romaine and Miss Lynn, who returned this morning. We must be starting."

The housekeeper had thrown open all the windows to let in the light and air, and as the peculiar atmosphere of a long closed house is hard to dispel, she had lighted wood fires in the open hearths, and the sweet odor of pine wood burning mingled with fragrance of the autumn flowers. Chrysanthemums made the gardens gay and filled the vases that were set in every available spot. Late roses adorned the jardinieres.

Romaine began at once to arrange the bouquets to the best effect, while Christine wandered about rather restlessly. This big mansion and all it contained might be her own at any time she chose to accept it, yet, truly as she loved its owner, the image of Delphine always arose before her as an insuperable barrier, and she tried her best to banish regret, to stifle her longing to comfort the melancholy master of this beautiful old place.

Alan Emery awaited the arrivals with more philosophy than he expected to command. He lit a cigar, threw himself into a wicker chair, and was soon lost in the columns of a daily paper.

Miss Lynn had accompanied the others, and perhaps felt more impatience than any of them, though she did her best to conceal it. Romaine, busy over her flowers, had a thought to spare for her guests. Opening the grand piano, she invited Miss Lynn to play. The brilliant strains of a Chopin waltz greeted the arrival of the two gentlemen, as the carriage drove up and stopped before the door.

In a moment Romaine was in her father's arms, while the others hurried forward with cordial greetings.

"At last!" said Tom Allison, in a low tone, as he clasped the hand of Ellyn Lynn.

Assuming a coldness she was far from feeling, Miss Lynn withdrew her hand and murmured some commonplace inquiries about the journey, asked if Mr. Allison did not feel like the refreshment of a cup of tea, and led the way to the sittingroom where the housekeeper had just brought in the steaming samovar with its fragrant accompaniment of freshly cut lemon and lovely colored glasses in silver settings, with the oddest variety of spoons.

"Is it good to be home, papa?" asked Romaine, affectionately. "Oh, how I have missed you!"

"I am glad to be back, my daughter, certainly; but my homecoming is not the triumph I thought it was going to be."

"Never mind," said Mr. Emery, kindly. "Fate has been too strong for us so far; but we may conquer her yet. Ah! here comes Dr. Bolton. All faces brighten at the mere mention of his name. What a wholesome influence the man has!"

"He is so good!" said Romaine, rapturously. "There never was any one so absolutely perfect."

Romaine's girlish infatuation for the elderly physician was so apparent to every one but the man himself that there was a general smile over her artless enthusiasm.

Mr. Wolverton pulled a stray curl and called her "a little monkey" and other nonsensical pet names in which doting parents indulge. Miss Christine and Ellyn Lynn exchanged wise glances, while Tom Allison looked interested and amused. Mr. Emery had gone out to meet Dr. Bolton, and they entered together. Romaine was already preparing a dainty glass of tea and selecting the prettiest spoon in her collection for the doctor.

His magnetic personality brought with it strength and hope to the rather depressed set of people who were solemnly sipping their tea, all painfully conscious of the tragic circumstances. Still, after the first few moments, it became evident that the doctor had something on his mind. His attention wandered a little. Twice Romaine asked him if he liked macaroons, and he answered vaguely. When she insisted upon knowing whether he preferred cocoanut jumbles he seemed to awake with a start and said, "Certainly not!" with such unnecessary emphasis that Romaine looked astonished, and said that it wasn't so awfully important after all, and there was nothing to get so excited about.

"The fact is, I don't know what I am saying," said the doctor, laughing at himself. "My mind is occupied with weightier matters, than macaroons or jumbles. I am going to give you all a surprise."

They listened in breathless suspense.

"I have a clew!" cried Dd. Bolton, triumphantly. "Yes, I have a clew!"

"You have? Tell us, quick," said Mr. Wolverton, hoarsely, while Alan Emery turned his pale face toward the speaker, with a flash of hope in his eyes.

The others waited anxiously.

"I can't be quick," said Dr. Bolton, "because, although the clew is slight, I think it highly important, and I must relate the facts as they occurred.

"It was this way," he continued. "I was called out late last evening to see a very sick man down on the coast. The night was dark, the drive long and dreary. I stayed an hour or two with my patient, and left him better. Before my patient and left him better. Before starting for home his wife very thoughtfully brought me some coffee and sandwiches, an attention always appreciated by a physician when making a call at night. I mention this detail to show that I was not fasting nor likely to be deluded from over-fatigue. Much refreshed, I started on my homeward way, my man James driving as usual. When we reached the great rock where the road curves, James drove slowly to avoid risk of overturning. I was thinking over the case I had just been attending, when I was startled by an exclamation from my driver.

"'Look, sir, look!' he said, in evident alarm, 'there's a glimmer in the old deserted lighthouse. People say it is inhabited by a witch, and that when the light appears it bodes no good!'

"Yes," Dr. Bolton went on, in response to an inquiring look from Mr. Wolverton. "Yes; the light was blue—very clear and fine, like the flame of some essence."

Mr. Wolverton got up and began to pace the room. Romaine looked puzzled; the others waited expectant.

"What earthly difference does it make about the color of the light?" asked Romaine, at last.

Again Dr. Bolton exchanged glances with Mr. Wolverton. "The rooms here often have that sort of light about them," persisted Romaine. "I don't think anything of that, since I have seen it all my life. I always supposed it had something to do with the burners or the shades."

Mr. Emery coughed. Everybody not in the secret felt uncomfortable. But Romaine, now that her attention had been directed to it, wanted to know all. It suddenly struck her that in no other house had she ever seen the lights turn to the ghastly blue, sometimes so clear and almost painfully brilliant, at others heavy and misty. Weeks or months might pass without this phenomenon appearing; then all at once the whole house would be enveloped in an azure mist. Yes. Romaine was now convinced that there was something in this that was not usual.

She looked from one to the other, and as the truth slowly dawned upon her that this had to do with her mother's experiments in magic, she startled them all by bursting into tears.

Her father's arms were around her in a moment. In an instant Dr. Bolton had taken out a pocket case and was mixing aromatic spirits of ammonia in water, which restorative Romaine detested so heartily that she recovered her composure with surprising speed. All the same, the doctor made her swallow the dose, and laughed at her wry faces.

Tom Allison was intensely alive to the importance of what had been said. He made a few rapid notes and determined to lose no time in hunting up this clew.

When Dr. Bolton rose to go, which started the other guests homeward, Tom Allison asked to be allowed to drive part way with him, saying that he could easily walk back.

"It is rather cruel of me to ask it,

(Continued on page seventeen.)

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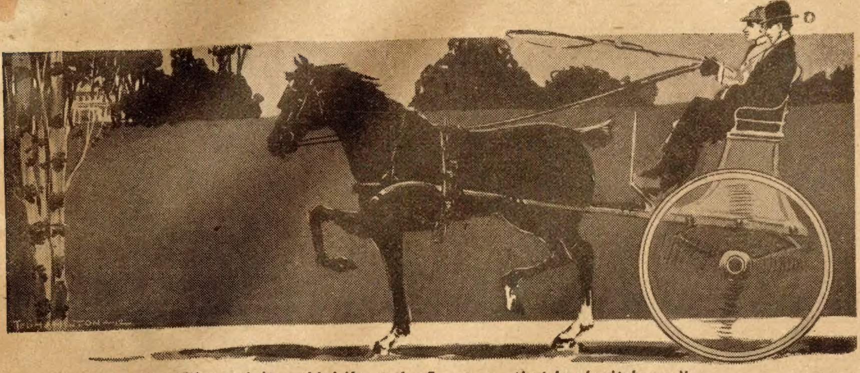

"There ain't nothin' 'bout the Courtnays that he don't know."

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CHAPTER IV.

"SHE IS NEXT OF KIN."

"DR. AINSLIE?" queried Sir Gerard Courtnay, as Dr. Ainslie stood staring at him in a startled manner without speaking.

"I beg your pardon," murmured the Doctor. "I am Dr. Ainslie. The truth is," he went on to explain, "you bear so close a resemblance to my wife, who is dead, that I was considerably startled when I first saw you."

Sir Gerard Courtnay smiled.

"The explanation of that is very simple, I fancy," he said. "Unless I am very much mistaken, your wife was my first cousin, the daughter of my uncle Charles Courtnay."

Dr. Ainslie gravely inclined his head.

"My wife was the daughter of Charles Courtnay," he declared.

"Ah, I was sure of it!" exclaimed Sir Gerard Courtnay.

"Be seated, Sir Gerard," said Dr. Ainslie.

"You are acquainted with all the particulars of my uncle's marriage?" inquired Sir Gerard, as he seated himself and the Doctor followed his example.

"Yes," Dr. Ainslie answered. "Charles Courtnay was disowned by his father because he fell in love with and married the lodgekeeper's daughter."

A curious look flashed across the dark, handsome face of Sir Gerard Courtnay. It was a moment or so before he spoke.

"That is correct," he said, at length. "My grandfather was a very proud man. He never forgave my uncle, even when he was on his deathbed, for marrying beneath him."

"The marriage was ill-advised, I should think," remarked Dr. Ainslie, quietly.

"Charles Courtney loved the humbly-born girl he married, and he was too honorable to seduce her," exclaimed Sir Gerard. The color rose in his dark face, and he spoke with so much feeling that Dr. Ainslie looked at him in some surprise.

"Then you do not look down upon your uncle's marriage in the same light that your grandfather did?" he asked, rather curiously.

"No, I do not," was the unhesitating answer.

"You evidently do not inherit the family pride of birth," remarked Dr. Ainslie, with a smile.

Sir Gerard Courtnay appeared to reflect a moment before he made any reply.

"It would not appear," he said. "I have always had a great respect for my uncle, Charles Courtnay."

"You are the eldest son of Charles Courtnay's brother, Edward, are you not?" asked Dr. Ainslie.

"Yes, my father died three years ago, and I succeeded to the title and estates."

"You have a younger brother, have you not?"

Sir Gerard shook his head.

"No, he died before my father." As Dr. Ainslie looked up quickly, he added. "Yes, your daughter is next of kin."

Dr. Ainslie smiled.

"It's not likely that she will ever succeed to the Courtnay estates and title," he said. "You will marry and have a son or daughter to succeed you."

"Yes," Sir Gerard Courtnay replied, quietly, "I shall marry."

"By a rather strange coincidence, my daughter had just learned from me the history of her parents, when you were announced," said Dr. Ainslie, thoughtfully. "I have never given serious consideration to the possibility of her ever succeeding to the Courtnay estates and title. In fact," smiling a little, "I do not want my little girl to be a great lady. That is not my idea of what would really be for her happiness."

"He wants her to marry the hotel-keeper's son," thought Sir Gerard Courtnay, with quick intuition. Aloud he said, "Your daughter would make a lovely and charming Lady Courtnay."

Dr. Ainslie bowed.

"She does not appear to resemble your mother's family," he remarked, looking at Sir Gerard.

Sir Gerard Courtnay, with that jeweled miniature in his possession so like Dorothy that it might have been painted for her, was oddly silent. He did not set Dr. Ainslie right. He made no mention of it, even when Dr. Ainslie inquired how he discovered that Dorothy was his cousin.

"It was through a conversation I had with the hotelkeeper," he explained, and related the conversation with the exception of that part which referred to Jack Ashley. "I am very anxious to make the acquaintance of my cousin," he concluded.

Dr. Ainslie arose.

"I'll fetch Dorothy," he said.

When he was alone, Sir Gerard Courtnay started to his feet and began walking restlessly up and down the room.

"Does she care for that fellow, Ashley?" he murmured. "That alone would thwart me. Wealth and rank will not tempt that girl. She will marry only where she loves."

He went and stood again by the window. The air, sweet with the perfume of the moon-pallid roses, touched refreshingly his flushed and fevered cheek. He drew a long deep breath, then he sighed with sudden weariness.

"A man might find rest, peace, in a place like this, away from the world's fever and unrest," he murmured. The next moment a mocking laugh left his lips. "I am actually moralizing," he said.

He turned from the window as Dr. Ainslie entered, followed by Dorothy. The girl wore a very simple gown of pale pink, but it was exquisitely becoming. The pink on her cheek was a shade deeper; her eyes, beneath the dusky hair, were like sapphires.

Sir Gerard Courtnay's heart bounded and his pulses thrilled as he looked at her. The painted loveliness of the miniature was before him in flesh and blood. His passionate eyes seemed to hold hers with a strange fascination. Her breath quickened a little, her heart throbbed. Her father's voice broke the pregnant silence, and she drew something like a sigh of relief.

"Dorothy, this is Sir Gerard Courtnay," he said.

"And your kinsman," supplemented Sir Gerard, moving forward and holding out his hand.

A sudden strange feeling came over the girl as she felt the touch of his hand.

CHAPTER V.

"A HANDSOME BLOND MAN."

Two months later. It was eight o'clock in the evening. Dinner was over at the hotel, and the waiters and other employes were clearing the diningrooms for the ball that was to take place that evening. The elder Ashley was briskly overseeing the preparations, while his son sat in the office, gloomily abstracted, indifferent to the coming festivity.

A bellboy came up to the desk, carrying a box done up in white tissue paper.

"Sir Gerard Courtnay wants me to take these here flowers to Miss Dorothy Ainslie, Mr. Jack," he said.

Jack looked up with a start and stared frowningly at the boy.

"Go and be quick about it," he replied, and the boy, with a perfect understanding of the condition of affairs, grinned as he ran out.

"I never thought to send her any flowers," murmured Jack, dejectedly. "He, curse him, is always paying her those delicate little attentions which I suppose all women like. Is it in that way women are won? Does it count for naught when a man gives his heart, his soul, the love of his life, to a woman, as I have given mine to her?" He sighed bitterly. "Does she love that man whom she has known but two short months? Or is she caught by the glamour of a title? He is her cousin, yes, but she must know that he is also her lover. She told me two months ago that she did not know her own heart. Does she know it now? I must know. I can bear this suspense no longer. She shall give me an answer tonight to the question I asked her two months ago. She must choose between that man and me."

He looked up suddenly, his brow contracting. Sir Gerard Courtnay was descending the stairway, a light topcoat over his evening dress, his hat in his hand. He looked very handsome and very distinguished, but Jack's eyes darkened with a look of repulsion.

Sir Gerard sauntered up to the desk and deposited his key.

"Fine night for the ball," he remarked.

Jack nodded. Sir Gerard Courtnay, apparently quite oblivious of his churlishness, crossed the lobby and went out. Jack knew that he had gone to bring Dorothy, and a thrill of pain went through him. Heretofore, he had always been Dorothy's escort. He remembered how she had come with him, a slip of a girl of sixteen, very sweet and girlish in her simple white gown, to her first ball. She had not remained very long, and had danced only with him, but she had enjoyed it with the freshness and zest that goes with a girl's first ball.

"Oh, my little sweetheart, what will life be if you are lost to me?" murmured Jack, with a groan.

Down the stairs in a Paris gown of yellow satin and black lace, with a painfully lavish display of bony shoulders and arms, with a superb necklace of diamonds and topazes encircling her stringy throat, the same jewels glittering in the laces over her flat breast, floated Miss Louisa Cromwell, the rich New Yorker.

Jack arose, as she came up to the desk, her silk and lace draperies sending forth attar of rose perfume, her eyes eagerly searching the lobby.

"You poor foolish woman," he thought, "are you blind? Can't you see that your hopes are all in vain—that youth and beauty have proved more potent than the lure of your dollars?"

"Any mail for me, Mr. Ashley?" she

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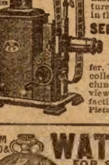
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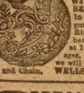

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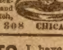

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asked, turning to Jack, dejectedly, from her survey of the lobby.

Jack handed her several letters. She selected one, bearing an English postmark, and opened it eagerly.

Jack returned to his seat and his gloomy thoughts. Suddenly Miss Cromwell looked up from her letter with a little laugh.

"Just fancy any one's describing Sir Gerard Courtnay as 'a handsome blond man,' Mr. Ashley!" she exclaimed. "That is the way a friend of mine in England, who claims to have met Sir Gerard Courtnay, describes him," she went on to explain.

"Indeed?" murmured Jack, vaguely. "I should say that your friend was mistaken in the man," he added.

"I wrote and asked her if she had ever met Sir Gerard Courtnay, and she writes that she has met him quite often. I know that she goes into the best society in London—she is well connected. She speaks of Courtnay Manor as 'a charming place,' and says that Sir Gerard has an income of twelve thousand pounds a year."

It was evident to Jack that this last piece of intelligence was anything but pleasing to Miss Cromwell.

"So he's rich," she murmured, dejectedly.

Jack looked at her with a feeling of pity mingled with contempt. Her dismay was unmistakable at discovering that her money was not the incentive she had fancied. Jack himself was conjecturing as to why Sir Gerard Courtnay had devoted his time and attentions to Miss Cromwell, whose money could be the only attraction, if he was in possession of a large income.

Miss Cromwell replaced the letter in the envelope, her thin jeweled fingers a little tremulous.

"I must tell Sir Gerard how my friend describes him," she exclaimed, with her little shrill affected laugh. "By the way, I wonder where he can be? I saw him leave his room as I was coming along the corridor."

"I think that he has gone to fetch Miss Ainslie," replied Jack.

A look of chagrin passed over Miss Cromwell's face, but she quickly recovered herself.

"Oh, yes, his cousin," she exclaimed. "Quite romantic, was it not, his discovering her? Miss Ainslie is a charming girl. I admire her immensely. By the way, Mr. Ashley," with a hungrily questioning look that was in grotesque contrast with her arch and playful tone," I have heard it whispered that you and Miss Ainslie are engaged."

"Have you indeed?" Jack remarked, calmly.

"Do tell me—is it true?" she leaned toward him eagerly.

But Jack was not heeding her. His eyes were fixed upon Dorothy, who had just entered with Sir Gerard Courtnay. The girl wore a long crimson cloak and carried a large bunch of exquisite white roses.

Sir Gerard Courtnay walked with her to the foot of the stairway. As he turned away, Miss Cromwell called to him.

"Oh, Sir Gerard!" As he approached rather slowly she continued, "I was just telling Mr. Ashley, Sir Gerard, that a friend of mine in England, who says she has met you, describes you as a handsome blond man. Just fancy!"

Jack, who glanced at Sir Gerard Courtnay as Miss Cromwell spoke, saw a swift change pass over the handsome dark face. The next moment he smiled.

"Your friend must have mistaken me for someone else," he said.

"She claims that she knows you," declared Miss Cromwell.

"Who is the lady?"

"She is Miss Marchant, Lucile Marchant. She lives in London."

Sir Gerard Courtnay reflected a moment.

"I have no recollection of ever having met the lady," he said, at length.

"How odd!" murmured Miss Cromwell. "I shall write Lucile and ask her what it means."

Sir Gerard made a little protesting gesture.

"I beg of you, do not," he entreated. "The lady would never forgive me."

"But——" Miss Cromwell began, protestingly, and then stopped abruptly, her eyes following those of the two men, which were fixed upon Dorothy as she descended the stairs.

Dorothy, divested of her cloak, clad in filmy white, with bare shoulders and arms, with white roses in the dead black of her hair, was strikingly lovely. Jack's heart throbbed fast as he looked upon her. The baronet's dark eyes lighted passionately. He turned and went to meet Dorothy.

Jack, with a sudden look of determination on his face, followed him.

"You will give me a dance, Dorothy?" he queried.

"Of course, Jack," she replied, handing him her program.

He wrote his initials against a waltz half way down the program, hand it back to her, bowed and walked away. She looked after him with an odd expression in her eyes, troubled, wistful, appealing. She started slightly, as Sir Gerard spoke.

"The first waltz has commenced," he said. "Shall we go to the ballroom?"

The soft strains of a dreamy waltz were floating through the lobby. Dorothy, who dearly loved dancing, smiled, and her lovely eyes lighted with anticipation. She slipped her slim fingers through Sir Gerard Courtnay's arm, and they moved toward the ballroom.

He looked down upon her smilingly.

"You are fond of dancing?" he queried.

"Yes, I love it," she replied.

"You shall dance to your heart's content—when you are Lady Courtnay," he whispered.

She flushed a little, but she did not reply.

CHAPTER VI.

"DO YOU KNOW YOUR HEART—NOW?"

Jack sat in the office, grave and thoughtful, until it was time for his waltz with Dorothy, then he went into the ballroom in search of her. She was seated, surrounded by quite a coterie of admirers, but she arose, as Jack came up to her, and took his arm. He led her toward one of the windows opening upon the veranda.

"Where are you going, Jack?" she asked.

"Where I can speak to you alone," he replied.

She shrank and half opened her lips to protest, but, as she glanced at his face and noted the look of determination upon it, she yielded, while a sigh broke from her and her lovely color faded a little.

On their way out, Jack caught up a superb wrap of gold-colored velvet from a chair and placed it about Dorothy's shoulders. She gave a nervous little laugh.

"You are putting Miss Cromwell's mantle on my shoulders," she exclaimed.

He turned and looked at her steadily, questioningly, for a moment, then put aside the drapery of the window for her to pass out upon the veranda. The moon was shining brightly, and the air came brisk and invigorating from the sea. The breaking of the waves on the beach mingled with the throbbing of the music. Dorothy shivered.

"Are you cold—in that wrap?" asked Jack.

She shook her head, smiling faintly.

"No, I am not cold."

He looked at her keenly, as she stood before him, pale and troubled, and it dawned upon him that she knew what he was going to say to her and—dreaded it. His heart sank sickeningly. It was a moment or so before he spoke.

"Dorothy, two months ago, when I told you that I loved you and asked you to become my wife, you claimed that you did not know your own heart; you asked me to give you time. Tell me, do you know your heart—now?"

"You will understand, Jack," she replied, in a low voice, "when I tell you that tonight Sir Gerard Courtnay asked me to marry him and—I told him that I would." She paused. He stood staring out over the moonlit sea and did not speak. "I did not want you to say what you have just said, Jack," she went on, "but I did not know how to prevent you. "You looked so determined. I wanted to spare you and myself the pain of what has just been said." He turned slowly and looked at her. "Oh, Jack," she cried, "don't look like that!"

A wan smile flitted over his lips.

"How would you have me look—under the circumstances?" he murmured.

"Jack, I am so sorry," she cried, a little quiver in her voice. "You don't know how it grieves me to cause you to suffer."

"You pity me," he said, wearily. "But it's not your pity I want, it's your love, yourself. I ask you for bread and you offer me a stone."

"Oh, Jack, don't!" she pleaded.

"Do you love this man?" he asked, roughly. "Or are you marrying him for his title?"

"I am not marrying him for his title," she replied, quietly.

"Then—you love him?" with anguish.

She did not at once reply. Her eyes, vaguely troubled, looked away from him out over the sea.

"I would not have promised to marry him—otherwise," she at length replied.

The music suddenly ceased. There was only the sound of the ceaseless breaking of the waves on the shore. It seemed to Jack Ashley to be sighing a requiem over his dead hopes and happiness.

"Come, let me take you back to the ballroom," he said, in a dull voice.

She stood for a moment hesitating, as though there was something she wished to say, but at length, with a sigh, she took his arm and passed into the ballroom. As he took from her shoulders the gold velvet wrap, Sir Gerard Courtnay came up to them, and Jack, with despair in his heart, turned away.

Hours later, when the ball was over and the lobby deserted, the elder Ashley came into the office where Jack was sitting.

"Why, Jack, I thought you had gone to bed," he exclaimed. Then, as he got a better view of his son's face, he added, quickly. "What's the matter, Jack?"

"I asked Dorothy Ainslie to become my wife, father, and she has refused," Jack answered, quietly.

"I am indeed sorry to hear it," said Ashley, gravely. "I know how your heart was set on Dorothy, and I hoped that she would some day be your wife."

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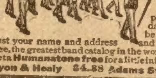

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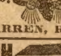

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"She is going to marry Sir Gerard Courtnay," Jack explained, dully.

"I am not altogether surprised to hear that," Ashley declared. "But I very much regret it."

"I must get away from here, father," said Jack. "It may seem like moral cowardice to run away, but I just can't stay on here and see them together day after day. I can't stay here where everything reminds me of Dorothy, knowing that she is lost to me."

"I understand," his father said, sympathetically. "Where did you think of going, Jack?"

"I thought of going out to California and roughing it for a year or two."

"All right, my boy. You will feel differently after while. You'll get over this and awaken to the fact that Dorothy Ainslie is not the only desirable woman in the world."

"She is the only woman in the world for me," murmured Jack, miserably.

CHAPTER VII.

DARK OR FAIR?

It sometimes happens that a few carelessly uttered words will change the entire course of many lives, and the most trivial incidents will have fateful issues. Jack Ashley, walking gloomily along State street, Chicago, a few days later, on his way to California, suddenly remembered the description given of Sir Gerard Courtnay by Miss Cromwell's English friend.

Jack had paid very little attention to the matter at the time and had almost immediately forgotten all about it, but now the words returned to him with almost startling force. He called to mind the change that had flashed over Sir Gerard Courtnay's face when Miss Cromwell had half jokingly repeated to him her friend's description. That look! Was it not a look of fear?

"From the first, I have felt that that fellow was a scoundrel," said Jack to himself. "A man can't go very far wrong in following his intuitive perceptions" He though a moment, then suddenly came to a determination. "I shall not go to California," he said, his lips setting resolutely. "I shall go to England."

His mind once made up, Jack Ashley lost no time in carrying out his purpose. Three days later he sailed from New York for London.

Having a great deal of time for reflection during the trip across the ocean, Jack occasionally asked himself, if, after all, he were not perhaps going on a fool's errand, actuated by the hope of separating Dorothy from the man she was to marry, unless something occurred to prevent. He remembered the close resemblance that evidently existed between Sir Gerard Courtnay and Dorothy's mother. Dr. Ainslie and Jack's father had both been impressed by it. Sir Gerard Courtnay had disclaimed all acquaintanceship with Miss Cromwell's correspondent, the woman who had described him as "a handsome blond man." It was possible that her statement that she knew Sir Gerard Courtnay was erroneous. She might belong to the genus snob, whose delight it is to boast of their acquaintanceship with persons of rank. But in that case, Jack reasoned, why give a description of Sir Gerard Courtnay which she knew might prove erroneous.

"The question as to Sir Gerard Courtnay's appearance is very easily and quickly settled as soon as I am in England," Jack told himself, as he paced up and down the deck, looking longingly out over the waste of waters. And his spirits rose when he landed in London.

It was a day's journey to Lancashire. Lancaster was the nearest town to Courtnay Manor. It was a small town, boasting of but one hotel, the Courtnay Arms.

Jack arrived at the Courtnay Arms in the evening, ate his supper, and, being very tired, for he had come straight through from London, he retired to his room and went to bed. The next morning, he arose refreshed and eager to begin the quest which had brought him to England.

"It is, after all, very simple," he mused, as he dressed. "I have merely to find out whether Sir Gerard Courtnay is dark or fair. If he proved to be dark, I might as well take the next steamer back to America. But if Miss Cromwell's friend correctly described Sir Gerard Courtnay, then I shall know that I am not on a wildgoose chase, but on the track of a strange imposture. I shall never rest, day or night, until I have exposed that imposture."

He left his room, went to the dining-room, and ate a hearty breakfast. He then sought the proprietor of the hotel and inquired if he could furnish him with a horse and trap. The hotelkeeper replied that he could. Jack next inquired how far it was to Courtnay Manor, and learned that it was about two miles.

"Very well," said he, "have the horse and trap brought around at once."

"Do you want some one to drive you, sir?" asked the hotel-keeper.

"Yes," Jack replied. "I am entirely unfamiliar with the country. I wish to go to Courtnay Manor."

"Very good, sir."

"By the way, is Sir Gerard Courtnay at Courtnay Manor?" asked Jack, with a careless indifference he was far from feeling.

"No," was the reply, "Sir Gerard Courtnay is in America."

Jack, who had hoped and half expected a different answer, felt his heart sink.

"Do you still want the trap, sir?" asked the landlord.

"Yes," replied Jack, recovering himself. "I was not sure that I would find Sir Gerard Courtnay at Courtnay Manor. The house is open, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, the servants are there."

"What sort of a looking man is Sir Gerard Courtnay?" asked Jack, and his heart beat quicker as he waited for the answer.

"I can't tell you that, sir," was the answer. "I never saw Sir Gerard Courtnay. I came here only a few weeks ago, when my brother died and I inherited this property. I'll go now and order the horse put to the trap."

Jack went up to his room and put a few necessities in a small traveling bag. He was not sure that he would return immediately to the hotel, as he might find it necessary to remain in the vicinity of Courtnay Manor. He said something to this effect to the landlord when he went downstairs, inquiring if he knew of any place where he could obtain board. After reflecting a moment, the man said:

"Dorcas Kent sometimes takes a boarder or two. Dorcas Kent," he went on to explain, "lives at the lodge at Courtnay Manor."

Jack thanked the landlord, and went out to where the horse and trap were waiting. The landlord's son, a boy about sixteen, was seated in the trap. Jack sprang in and they started.

The road to Courtnay Manor lay through a level country in a high state of cultivation. The boy informed Jack that the land they passed belonged to Sir Gerard Courtnay.

The horse was a good one, and it did not take them long to arrive at the gates of Courtnay Manor. The lodge stood just within the gates, a picturesque place built of gray stone, with quaint dormer windows.

A woman came out to open the gates. Jack glanced at her as they passed through and gave a start. She was a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman, about fifty years of age, one who had evidently once been very handsome, and she bore a most striking resemblance to Sir Gerard Courtnay.

"Who is that woman?" asked Jack, as they drove along a beautiful wide avenue.

"That's Dorcas Kent," replied the boy. "She keeps the lodge now. It was Dorcas' sister, Anna, as married a uncle of Sir Gerard Courtnay's and went away with him to America!"

A feeling of bewilderment began to steal over Jack.

"Dorcas Kent must have been very handsome," he said.

"Old Lenny Clock says Anna and Dorcas Kent were rare good-lookin' girls," declared the boy.

"Who is Old Lenny Clock?" asked Jack, with quick interest.

"He was gamekeeper for the Courtnays for nigh on to thirty years. He

(Continued on page nineteen.)

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The Wall Street Nemesis;

Or, A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE

By George T. Hargreaves

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Begun in No. 7, Feb. 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN SHACKLES.

INTO Central Park the occupants of the limousine went, until they reached a spot where they were well screened by the thick foliage of the trees. Twilight was just passing, but the twinkling electric lights, like so many flickering fireflies, failed to illumine their retreat.

A tap from Corra upon the window brought the limousine to a stop. Ted leaped down from his perch beside the chauffeur and swung open the door. He drew back a step at the spectacle of the determined woman and the cowering man.

"It's all right, Ted," Corra exclaimed, steadily. "Please snap on those ankle bracelets."

And before the astounded Kendall could realize the purpose of his captor, his feet were drawn together, his ankles encased in circlets of steel, and the awesome weapon of restraint closed with a snap.

"Here, here!" he cried, with an oath. "You let me alone."

But his hands were ruthlessly drawn together and a pair of handcuffs were quickly fastened about his wrists. He raised his arms as if to strike a blow, but he allowed them to fall limply when he felt the nose of Corra's weapon dig deeper into his temple.

"Let me go!" he flamed tempestuously. "Let me go, or I'll call for the police whether you shoot or not!"

"Now, see here," warned Corra, "I'm not afraid of that threat. You've got more cause to be afraid of what I can tell the police and the courts than I have of what you may be able to tell about me. You make the least noise, and I'll have you gagged and driven away in a hurry. Be quiet and decent, and I'll allow you to breathe undisturbed."

"Well, what's the meaning of all this bandit display?" sulked Kendall, as he fell back upon the seat once more.

"Ted, we can drive on now, I think, but you had better come in here and keep me company," said Corra, with the trace of a smile.

"Glad to do that," chirped the young man, and after directing the chauffeur, he climbed into a seat in front of the broker and drew the door shut.

The limousine immediately began to move forward at brisk speed. Kendall, in the dusk, tried to study the faces of both the woman and the man who had subdued him, but they held no solution of his situation. Then he burst forth again:

"What in thunder does all this mean? Don't you know I could have you both sent to the penitentiary on the charge of kidnaping for this? Let me go now, before you get any further into trouble."

"Penitentiary? Kidnaping?" Corra shot back spiritedly. "And how would you like to be made the defendant, on the eve of your marriage, to a suit for breach of promise for, say, $50,000? How would you like to face the publicity that would follow the exposure of your damnable treatment of me?"

"Oh, pshaw! If it's money you want, we can easily settle that," blustered the broker.

"But it isn't money," declared Corra, with flashing eyes. "No amount of that could ever efface the indignity you have put upon me. No, it's not money."

"What is it then?" asked Kendall, bracing up.

Corra leaned over so that her pretty lips almost touched the man's ear just where the revolver point impressed a circle upon his head.

"It's revenge," she whispered, in a way that sent a flash of terror through the man beside her.

"What do you mean to do?" he gasped.

"Block your game?" she replied crisply.

"What game?"

"Your S. L. S. deal."

"You can't," Kendall bluffed, although this confirmation of the apprehension that had held him since their quarrel of the preceding day made him fearful. "You can't."

"You're in for a heartbreaking surprise then, Paul Kendall."

"And you're really going to try to me now?"

"Keep you under restraint for a few days, until I can spoil some of your plans and formulate some for myself. You see, I'm almost kind to you. I'm letting you know some of the real difficulties of your undertaking, and allowing you a chance to plan to overcome them."

"And you're really going to try to block my S. L. S. deal?"

"I am blocking it," answered Corra, with a meaning smile.

The broker glanced furtively at Frothingham. She noticed the glance, but did not know whether to attribute it to a desire on the part of Kendall for the absence of the young man or to an intent to make an attempt to escape. She did not have long to wait for the revelation of his purpose.

"Now, see here, Corra," he began, almost whiningly, "there's no use of all this mess. I'll do what's right by you. I know I've treated you badly. Let us strike a peace."

"The terms?" Miss Dennard demanded briskly.

"I'll take you back," cringed the plunger.

"You mean you'll break this engagement with Miss Astorham?" she quizzed.

Kendall debated with himself a full moment. That delay was fatal.

"Oh, never mind, Paul," Corra said, almost kindly. "I don't want you to go on breaking women's hearts. Keep your promise to some of them. I wouldn't have you take me back, anyway."

"Why not?" Kendall managed to ask.

"Because a woman once spurned is always spurned. Not all the wealth of Wall street would tempt me to resume the place I once held with you."

Corra's voice had a warning ring to it. Ted Frothingham, trying to appear uninterrested in the dialogue, could not help voice his admiration of the woman's attitude:

"Good for you! You're worth twenty Astorhams."

A moment later the limousine stopped at a garage entrance. Ted leaped out and swung open its doors, and the car rolled quickly within.

"Where's this?" blurted Kendall.

"Your prison," answered Corra, firmly.

"You don't mean to say you really intend to keep me under restraint?"

"Exactly," was the crisp reply.

Kendall, rising and stumbling headlong from the limousine, emitted a single shriek. Instantly Ted and the chauffeur, Benson, were upon him. The latter pinioned the fallen man upon his back, while the former stuffed his handkerchief into the speculator's mouth as a gag. Then they lifted him and placed him upon a rough chair.

Corra bounded out of the car and approached her captive.

"Now, sir," she said warningly. "I leave you in charge of my friends. But they will take good care of you only so long as you behave yourself. As soon as you attempt any outbreak, either by force or by voice, you will suffer. And every one of those outbreaks will mean an extension of your captivity. So, if you desire to obtain your freedom quickly, you must be on your good behavior."

Both Ted and the chauffeur grinned broadly at the manner in which Corra dominated the angry and subdued man. Kendall scowled deeply, and made as if to speak, but his captor refused to order the removal of the gag from his mouth.

Obeying a wave of her hand upward, the two assistants gripped the speculator, one by the shoulders and the other by the heels, and bundled him up the steep stairs of the garage. Into a small room furnished with a plain bed and dresser and a couple of chairs they carried him. When they released him, he fell in a crumpled heap on the floor.

Ted unlocked the handcuffs, and with the aid of Benson swung Kendall's hands behind his back. The prisoner made a desperate struggle to break away, but quickly found himself powerless.

The steel wristlets were then snapped upon his hands, making him completely helpless so far as the use of his arms was concerned. But he managed to stagger to his feet and fall over upon the bed. He lay there, his dagger-like eyes and wide-distended nostrils showing the passion that the gag at his mouth prevented him from voicing.

"Now, sir," declared young Frothingham, shaking his finger warningly at the recumbent figure, "just so long as you behave yourself, you'll be fed and watered, but for every outbreak you're going to get an additional dose of hunger. Understand? And I won't be so lenient as Miss Dennard might be, either. The gentleman here"—Ted pointed smilingly to the chauffeur—"is to be your keeper, and they do say that he's quite an ugly man when he's crossed. So behave yourself and save a broken head."

With that the young man left the room, and a moment later Kendall heard the limousine puff away, conveying Corra to her home.

The prisoner at once signaled his guard that he desired to speak. Benson released the gag.

"I tell you what I'll do," blurted the captive; "I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll let me out of this."

In the dim light that a single flickering gas jet threw across the room Kendall saw the mocking smile on the other's face.

"Nothing doing," was the slow response.

"Two hundred," raised the plunger.

"Same thing—nothing doing," seating himself leisurely, lighting a cigarette and crossing his legs.

"Five hundred," bid the prisoner.

"And still nothing doing," announced the chauffeur.

"An even thousand," panted the speculator.

"Aw, what's the use?" returned Benson. "You ain't got coin enough to buy your way out of here. Better dry up with your bribes."

Whereupon he snapped the gag back upon the mouth of Kendall, who, inwardly raging at his helplessness, began dimly to realize that the acute mind of Corra Dennard could have inflicted no more poignant punishment upon him. She was forcing him to sit quiet and know that his cherished plans for a great financial coup were being slowly wrecked, that the huge profits he had counted upon probably were passing slowly from his hands to another—possibly to this brilliant woman's. It was exasperating. It was maddening.

Only one thing gave him any comfort. He thought of his instructions to the detective, Vauker, and he found himself wishing that whoever was put upon the trail of Corra Dennard would drop her into the deep sea.

CHAPTER IX.

PRESSING HER CAMPAIGN.

Kendall's wish came partly to be gratified. As the Frothingham limousine drove up to the entrance of Miss Dennard's apartment home and she alighted from the car, a tall, well-dressed man, whose face was partly shaded by a broad-brimmed slouch hat, advanced

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The Reckoning.

Bridegroom (on the wedding trip)—How stupid! We ought to have got out at the last station.

Porter—Yes, sir, you traveled a few kisses too far.

* * *

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* * *

Affronted Sympathies.

"Most of the deer have left this part of the country."

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "You know, a deer is a tender-hearted kind of an animal, and I s'pose the critters couldn't stand it to hang around an' see the way them hunters shot one another up."

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An officer at a State camp decided to see for himself how his sentries were doing their duty. He was somewhat surprised at overhearing the following:

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"Pass, friend. Halt, bottle."

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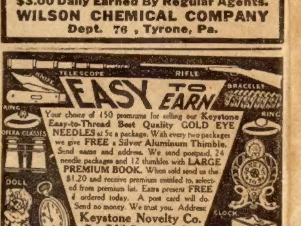

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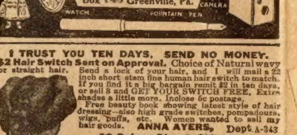

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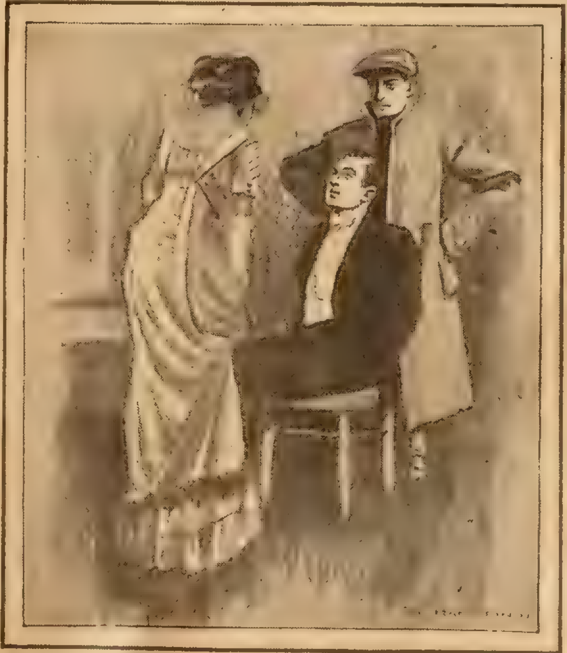
slowly along the sidewalk and gave her a piercing glance, as she stopped to thank Ted at the wheel for his aid and to bid him good night.

The stranger turned as he heard the automobile horn sound its way forward, and glanced furtively at the figure of Corra vanishing within the entrance of her home. Then he strode leisurely down the street and took his stand at a cafe corner, keeping his eyes always set upon the door through which Miss Dennard had disappeared. He was there till the bell in a neighboring church tower sounded eleven. Then he withdrew.

At seven o'clock the next morning he resumed his stand. He maintained it silently until he saw Corra issue forth and proceed to the elevated station. Once—twice he glanced at a photograph he drew from an inner pocket. Then he studied the face of the woman.

His eyes closed and opened rapidly in a sort of pleased grin.

"That's the girl," he muttered to himself, as he swung into a slow stride after her. "A beauty, too. Tod Riker," he went on to himself, "it's going to be a pleasant game chasing and catching her. What in thunder does Paul Kendall want her out of the way for? I wouldn't."



"I leave you in charge of my friends."

Tod Riker did not look the sleuth. He was quietly but elegantly dressed. His lean face wore usually a faint approach to a smile 's deep black eyes carried a pleasant glint that gave no intimation of the searching mind of the man behind them. The faint edge of a white handkerchief peeked from his outer coat pocket. In one hand he carried a pair of unworn kid gloves of a strikingly vivid shade.

Popular impression is that the detective clothes himself in attire that will attract no attention in order that he may trail his quarries without exciting notice. Tod Riker went on a different idea. He held that the very conspicuousness of his attire diverted any suspicion that he was a detective. His success in the more genteel kind of cases appeared to bear out his contention

Riker followed Miss Dennard to his office. He watched her enter the elevator and ascend out of sight. Then he took his station at the foot of the lift. He was still undecided how to pursue his assignment. He was daring, but he hesitated over an abduction proceeding Leaving him trying to lay out some course of action let us observe the conduct of Corra.

She had been at her desk but a few moments before Ted Frothingham bolted in.

"Morning, boss," he laughed. "Not late, am I?"

"Only about half an hour," Miss Dennard responded, with a smiling purse of the lips. "But I'll excuse you this time. I suppose you've been busy with your prisoner?"

"Nope, Benson has taken care of him—and without any trouble," returned Ted, significantly. "He's got the man completely cowed—afraid even to ask for a drink when he's dry."

"I hope he isn't starving him."

"Couldn't starve him, because he doesn't thrive on that kind of a diet. He needs liquor to keep him alive—and lots of it, too," declared the young man, floundering about in the new job.

"Made no attempt to get away, eh?"

"Oh, bless you, no!" smirked Ted. "How could he with those bracelets on wrists and ankles, and Benson watching him like a hawk does a chicken. Benson looked this morning as if he hadn't had much sleep last night. I don't think Kendall did either."

"Benson mustn't wear himself out," suggested Corra.

"Oh, he won't," the young man assured her. "He's driven a car for nearly forty-eight hours at a stretch without more than three winks of sleep at a time."

Frothingham, seated on the edge of a desk with his limbs idly swinging, looked abruptly at his employer.

"Do you know, Corra, I never could understand how you could ever think so much of that fellow Kendall."

Miss Dennard raised her eyes quickly and inquiringly, then let them droop as she dabbed a pen in ink.

"Why?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Oh, he's so blamed proud. He thinks he knows it all. He imagines all the women are crazy over him. I can't see what attracted you"

"Ted," she answered slowly and kindly, "if you knew the explanation you would be close to the solution of the greatest problem in the world: What is it that makes a certain woman love a certain man, cling to him for good or evil, sacrifice everything for him, and still feel kindly toward him, even after he has spurned her, turned her adrift?"

"But you don't feel kindly toward Kendall now, do you?" asked Frothingham, incredulously.

"Ted, I don't know," replied Corra, thoughtfully. "I didn't sleep much last night, thinking of the poor fellow ironed up like a convict. It didn't seem just right."

"But it is right," insisted the young man. "He's treated you like a dog. You've no other way to even up the score. You've got to deal with him in your own quiet, secret way. He deserves to be strung up by the thumbs"

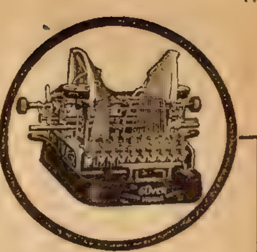
"I loved him, Ted, and I'm sure he loved me once," said Corra, with her chin braced in her hand and her eyes dreamily set upon the white ceiling.

"Now, see here, Corra," and young Frothingham pounded his fist upon the desk upon which he sat, "you can't reverse your position now. You've got me into this mess, and, by gracious, I'm going to carry out my end of it! I'm particeps criminis, as we used to say in college, and I've got a right to be heard in what's to be done."

Ted stopped for a moment, as if amazed at his own boldness. Then more argumentatively he went on:

"Now, just suppose, that I'd courted your sister Cerise for as long as Kendall has courted you—for four or five years. Suppose she had every reason to believe I intended to marry her, she had planned for it, she had held off other suitors for me. And then, suppose, because she had no money, or because I met another girl that had money

(Continued on page eighteen.)



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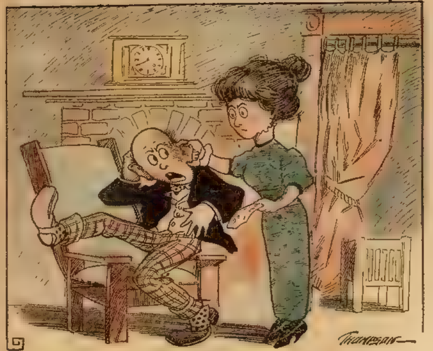


Mrs. Henry Peck—Didn't you promise tô turn over every cent of your salary to me?"

Mr. Henry Peck—Yes, my love.

Mrs. Henry Peck—Well, there's a corner torn off this bill What have you done with it?

Cold Comfort.

Mr Slimpurse—To—to tell the truth, I am a—a little afraid to—to ask your father for your hand

Miss Chargit—Oh you needn't worry. He says I am ruinously extravagant.

It Was No Porterhouse.

"How did you find your steak sir?" inquired the expectant waiter, as he held out his hand to receive a tip.

"Only by dogged perseverance, replied the guest "The chef hid it under a brussels sprout to keep 'it hot.'

A Hard Job.

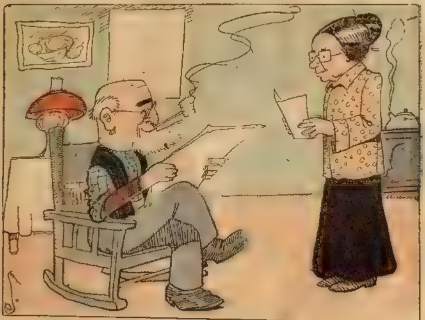
"So Bibbs is trying to break his wife's will."

"Yes Hope he'll have more success at the job, now she's dead, than he had while she was living

Matrimonial Repartee.

He—You are simply daft about bargains Did you ever get anything that was really cheap

She—I did when I married you



Mr. Hardapple—Our boy, Milton, doesn't seem to'do nothin [illegible] home from college.

Mrs. Hardapple—Why, yes, he does. He's awful busy experimentin. He's graftin' egg plants on the milkweeds an' expects to raise a fine crop of custard apples.

The Martinet.

"The martinet never succeeds. A typical martinet was the well-known one, who, after having ordered his men to change their shirts and then, having learned that they had no shirts to change with, said that in that event they must change their shirts with each other. I heard yesterday of still another sort of martinet." The speaker was Col. Hugh Lennox Scott of West Point. He continued: "This chap, a captain, strode up to one of his men and said with a fearful frown: 'Who's the idiot that ordered you to leave that mass of empty cans right here in front of headquarters?'

"'It was the colonel, sir,' the man replied

"'Very well, then,' said the captain sharply, 'let it stay there. And your leave's stopped for a week, my man, for calling your colonel an idiot!'"

■

Her Father's Business.

The wife of a wealthy business man of Chicago was the daughter of a policeman. As they grew rich, both she and her husband concealed the fact as much as possible, for the sake of their social prestige. At a luncheon several society women of high position had been talking about their families

What was your father's business, Mrs D——?" was finally asked of the business man's wife. Mrs. D—— was not disturbed

"My father was in the copper business," she said with cool emphasis

❦

Mistaken Identity.

A certain lady called up her grocer by telephone the other morning, and after she had sufficiently scolded the man who responded, said

'And what's more, the next order you get from me will be the last I'll ever give you'

"It probably will, madam, said the voice at the other end of the wire, "you are talking to an undertaker

❦

Had Him There.

Hub—Remember, madam, you promised to "obey"

Wife—Very well If you are going to interpret the marriage service literally so will I. You will please proceed to "endow" me with all your worldly goods by handing over to me everything you possess

❦

A Question Resented.

"Don't you ever have any accidents on this road said the worried traveler.

"Course we do," replied the rural conductor. "But you don't expect we're goin' to run a train off the track jes' to ay-muse every foreigner that comes down here an' buys a ticket, do you?"

❦

The Opposite Way.

"Times change and men change with them. In the days of chivalry a knight was tickled to death if he got a lady's glove"

"Yes"

Nowadays nothing makes a man so sore as to get the mitten."

❦

No Danger.

Lady—Yes, I've an umbrella that needs mending, but how am I to know that you will bring it back?

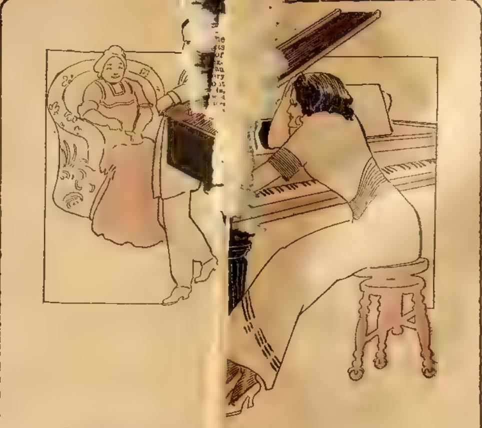
Umbrella Mender—Have no fear, mum I allus charge more for mendin' than I could sell the umbrella for

❦

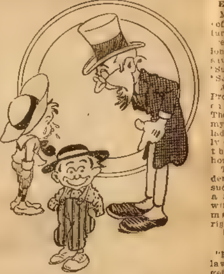
Carefully Considered Statement.

"You are the greatest rascal I ever saw in my life," said the severe citizen.

"Well, replied Plodding Pete, "maybe you haven't seen so very much or lived so very long"



Fond Mamma—How are you feeling Mr. Ainsworth?
Mr Ainsworth—I feel real strong.
Fond Mamma—Helen, sing some for Mr. Ainsworth



"Why are you crying, my little man?"
"'Cos Jimmy kicked me"
"Why don't you kick him back?"
"'Cos it would only be his turn again"

❦

Just Like Canada.

"Tom, what is reciprocity?"

"It's this way, Mabel. I give you a hug and you give me a kiss. That's reciprocity. Will you do it?"

"I fear it might lead to annexation, and I don't know that I am prepared for that."

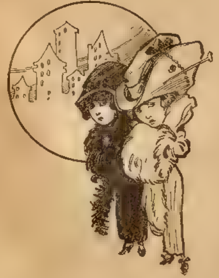
Emotions.

Mullosoul of poetical turn Which [illegible] of opinion should [illegible] professor 'Sur flies" or 'Sur flees?' At-minded Prof (great [illegible] mology—The species, my young lady entirely [illegible] act. Now, [illegible] hoty—— The wonder why she sud opened a versation wite young mon her rig

❦

Busy.

"Say, those lawkers are gef away with plunder some-body. Seven of trust-lawyers are making [illegible] bills and rest of 'em down to the [illegible]'s office hand-ca[illegible] drawing they."



Helen—George said there's only one voice in the world like mine
Grace—That's enough.

❦

Not to Be Trapped Again.

An Irishman, in passing through the streets, picked up a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day he saw another guinea lying in the street

"No, no," said he, "I'll have nothing to do with you; I lost three shillings by one like you yesterday."

Their Reasons.

It was the dinner hour and the prison inspectors were hurrying over their official [illegible] They asked several questions [illegible]

"I am here, gentlemen," explained the [illegible] when the warden turned his [illegible] "as the result of a moment of abstraction."

"And I," observed the incendiary, "because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things."

"The reason I am here," chimed in the forger, "is simply on account of a natural desire to make a name for myself"

"And I," added the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which was offered in a large mercantile establishment."

❦

An Unfair Offer.

Dr. W. H. Wiley, the food expert, was talking at a luncheon in Washington about a food adulterator.

"His first offer," said Dr Wiley sounded, on the face of it, fair to the public; but it was in reality as unfair as the offer of the divorcee

"A wife after the divorce said to her husband

"'I am willing to let you have the lady half of the time

"'Good'" said he, rubbing his hands. 'Splendid

"'Yes she resumed, 'you may have him nights

■

Good at Subtracting.

A Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher once had occasion to criticise a new pupil whose ignorance of his Testament would have been amusing had it not been so appalling. One Sunday she asked the little fellow how many commandments there were. To her surprise the lad answered, glibly enough: "Ten, ma'am" "And now, Sammy," asked the teacher, "what would be the result if you should break one of them?" "Then there'd be nine," triumphantly answered the youngster

❦

Comes Back.

Church—And you claim that cats are smarter than dogs?

Gotham—I certainly do

"Why?"

"W[illegible] to [illegible] scent [illegible] footsteps and follow you home"

"Agreed"

"Well, you just try to [illegible] and the cat will beat you to [illegible]"

❦

Changed Her Mind.

Wife—Please match this piece of silk for me before you come home

Husband—At the counter where the sweet little blonde works? The one with the [illegible] and —

Wife—No. You're [illegible] to shop for me when your [illegible] done dear. On second thought, I won't bother you

❦

An Alarm Voice.

Aspiring Vocalist—Professor, do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?

Perspiring Teacher—Well, it might come in handy in case of fire or shipwreck.

❦

The Turning Point.

Maud—I hear Jack turned up at your house again last night

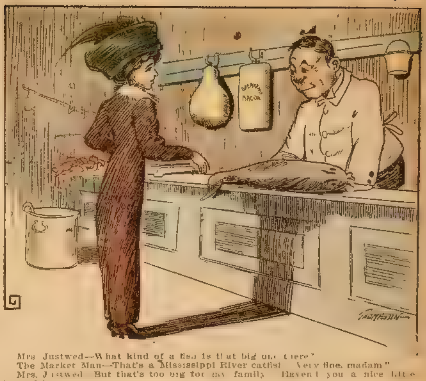
Ethel—Yes, and got turned down, as usual

❦

A Poor Mixture.

Mother—After all the boy is only sowing his wild oats.

Father—I wouldn't mind if he didn't mix in so much rye



Mrs Justwed—What kind of a fish is that big one there?

The Market Man—That's a Mississippi River catfish Very fine, madam"

Mrs. Justwed But that's too big for my family Haven't you a nice little kitten fish

Not to Blame.

It was at the matinee and the theater was filled [illegible] with women [illegible] thing displeased and an overripe egg was catapulted [illegible]

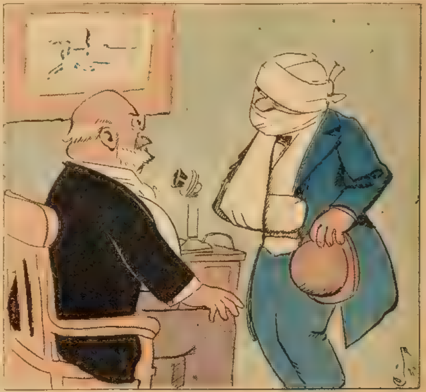
"Who is responsible for that egg?" angrily shouted the tragedian

"I don't think any hen here will acknowledge it!" piped a youngster's voice from the balcony.

Hadn't Any to Use.

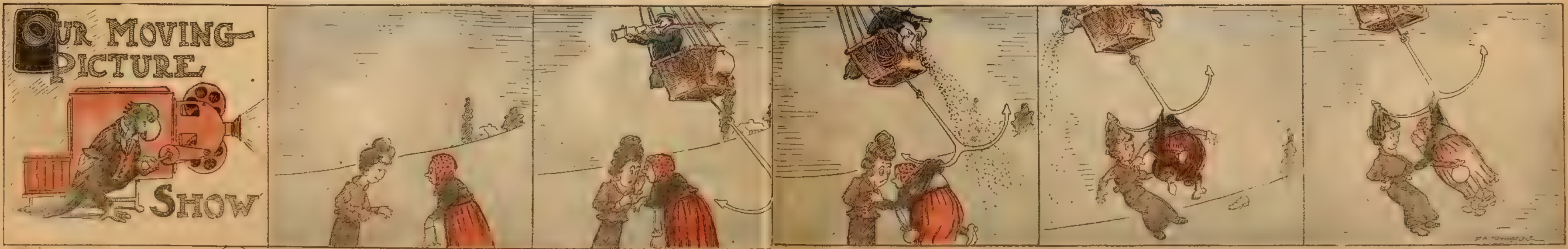
"You have your whistle." the chief of police said "which you must blow [illegible] you need assistance. You have [illegible] handcuffs to enable you to bring [illegible] prisoner to the station and [illegible] your club which you will require when using physical force

"Do I carry the physical force in a tin or a bottle, sir?" inquired the recruit.



"How are you today Hans"
"I'm [illegible] thank you"
"That's [illegible] You certainly [illegible]"

THEY KEPT RIGHT ON TALKING.



T[illegible] Gossips—Says I to her, says I, them folks that's moved in next door to us looks trashy, and —

"Says she to me, says she, the woman looks to like a regular frump and gossip —

"And says I to her, says I, that's just it. I've got my opinion of a woman who wears such——"

"And says she t[illegible] says she I think so too Besides, she a[illegible] to be stuck up about And then

I never [illegible] tend to be [illegible]

THE ISLAND OF GOLD;
Or, THE SWORD OF THE SEA

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

(Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 6, Feb. 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER X.
CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

THE adventurers waited in total silence. It was not all caution that checked speech and motion, for the discovery had hit them hard. Every man was of the same opinion, and that was that the diggers were after the treasure buried so long ago by the crew of the Sword of the Sea. Why else should these men delve in the earth, and why dig so deep a pit at night?

Captain Job was calm, but the Inchwood cousins were agitated. After all their long voyage, their plans, their expense, and their high hopes, they had arrived just in time to see somebody else working to unearth the treasure.

Robert glanced across the pit. He saw a rising wall of rock, and, at that moment, he was ready to affirm that it was the gray cliff so ardently wanted.

He heard the murmur of voices, and the impulse to listen to the words became irresistible. He turned to John and the skipper.

"Wait here for me!" he directed, and without pausing for a reply, he glided away in the dark shadows of the trees. Captain Wood had reached out a restraining hand, but he failed to catch the arm at which he grasped, and the die was cast.

Robert went on, caught the odor of cigar smoke, and suspected that the leaders of this nocturnal enterprise were there. Moving slowly but steadily he passed along the edge of the pit, and so, also, passed the men who labored. They were mainly silent, though a few broken sentences floated to his ears, and it seemed that the diggers felt the labor and grumbled while they toiled. He had, however, noticed that two figures were at rest farther on, and it was toward them he worked his cautious way.

Presently he passed a bunch of tangled trees, and, creeping a few yards on hands and knees, was within listening distance. Distinct words floated to his hearing, and he recognized the voice of Abner Caswell.

"What worries me most," said that man, "is the fear that your followers may be ugly when we have it. If we agree to give them only a quarter of the total, they will envy us bitterly."

"Blazes!" retorted the second man. "Why should they kick? If my men and yours divide fifteen million dollars between them, isn't that a fair sum for sixscore ignorant sailors and islanders?"

"Did you ever know a man to get so much gold he did not covet more?"

"I've not had the chance to test it."

"You will have the chance, Arrowpack."

"I hope so."

"If you can control your men."

"See here, Caswell, if you will control your followers, I'll answer for mine, for they are far less dangerous. You have nineteen or twenty wide-awake Yankee sailors, men free as kings and they stand in no fear of you. I have a hundred Pacific Ocean islanders, ignorant chaps with no knowledge of the world, and I am their master, absolute and strict. Not control them? Why, look you, Caswell, I own them body and soul! Outsiders are not the only ones who tremble at sound of the name of Chief Arrowpack. My men fear me as much as anybody else. Trust me to control my knaves."

"Good! All I worried about was the effect of the thing when the treasure was uncovered. Do you feel sure, Boxdall, that anything is really left here? I understand you to admit that your early ancestor probably took away a part. Why not all?"

"I'll be frank with you, Caswell. I happen to be a younger son of a younger son of the Boxdall family, and mighty little anybody has confided to me, but my understanding is that all hands in our precious clan admit that the original Poi Boxdall was little less than a freebooter. He died suddenly in Hong Kong, about the year 1705; but he left a great fortune. The current legend is that he took it from a sunken Spanish galleon that he located in shallow waters, and stripped of its wealth with the help of divers. All very well, but the family secret is that it was all moonshine. There was no galleon, and the present Poi Boxdall frankly told my father once that everything came from a pirate stroke. The first Poi never told all, but after you have read your Bradyll Inchwood manuscript, is it not plain?"

"Very plain. Bradyll was not the only man who survived the second storm in 1686. Poi Boxdall also survived, and he came here and dug up part of the treasure."

"Just so."

"A part, eh? Again I ask, why not all?"

"He left only three millions when he died."

"Digging, he must have had helpers. How much did they take? Ay, and while they were about it, why didn't they take all?"

"Quietly, quietly, man! Don't let my knaves who are digging hear such arguments, or they will knock off work."

"That must not be. I have not come all the way from New York to give up weakly now. The digging must go on."

"You are in a down-hearted mood, just now, Caswell. Previously, you have been sure that many millions were still here. Let us keep in that mind. It is here, and we are going to have it all. Or will you share with your precious kinsmen in the ship Fair Lady?"

"Destruction take the Fair Lady and the Inchwoods!" snarled Abner.

"They may yet bother us some, though they may not get the suspicion that this is the Island of Gold."

"I'll tell you something, Boxdall. When the Fair Lady was fitting out in New York, I hired a man to join her crew under my pay, with definite instructions, and the orders were that he should scuttle the ship at some favorable time."

"Scuttle the Fair Lady?"

"Yes."

"Good! She may even now be at the bottom of the ocean."

"My man seems a bit slow. I asked him to do the job when the ship was off Cape Horn, but he pointed out the fact that he would have no way of saving himself, which was true enough. I wish he would hurry now, but I have faith in him. Some day he will take the carpenter's auger and bore holes in the Fair Lady's keel, and then—in comes the water, and down goes the ship and her crew to visit the fish!"

"Humph!"

"Why do you growl?"

"Your man is confounded slow. He should not permit the Fair Lady to cruise around these waters so long. Still, it may be all right. By the way, if my attack on that ship had not failed, I should have settled it myself, though I didn't suspect that she had any unusual attraction for me. Blazes! but her crew fought us lustily, and I lost many good men."

"Queer how they happened to be so ready for your attack."

"I have my suspicions of that party from Daniel Lee's Island, called Popoatto. They were sojourning in that section, that day. If I knew they warned the crew of the Fair Lady, I would raid Popoatto and send the Lees out of the world instanter."

"Should you do that, spare Mary Lee. Give her to me as a present."

"Humph!" growled Arrowpack again.

"Do you know, I have a notion for raiding Popoatto, myself, and carrying Mary off. She is a beauty——"

Thus far Robert Inchwood had listened, oblivious of everything else, but at this juncture a hand rested lightly upon his arm. Turning his head quickly he saw Zattillo.

"You mad mans!" whispered the islander. "Why you stay so long?"

Robert gave a second start, and became conscious of other things than the conspirators at the edge of the pit. While they had talked and he had listened, the shadows of night had disappeared as if by magic, and the light of day was now with them. Wrapped up in the talk, he had forgotten the inevitable, but time had been busy.

"We must get away!" he admitted, suddenly uneasy.

"How we go?" asked Zattillo gravely. "Look! It is day now, and the digger mans can see along that way we must go."

Robert looked and lost more courage. One of the spade-wielders, resting from his toil, was leaning against the edge of the pit and looking toward the houses as if in deep thought. With him there it was impossible for Robert and Zattillo to regain their allies.

"How did you get here?" he asked quickly.

"Drop down in pit and walk here."

"What? Not among the diggers?"

"Yes. No other way. I pass so near them that one mans he hit me with he elbow. Cap'n Wood, he say it no work, but me say I islander, some like them, and I risk it, so I get here. Can't crawl along upper ground, for they see us. You wait too long!"

Bitter regret filled Robert's mind. Truly, he had waited too long, for night had gone, and with day abroad, they were in the very midst of the pirate gang.

"How you get away now?" continued Zattillo, anxiously.

It was a burning question. Zattillo had relied upon his native blood and dusky complexion to hazard a dangerous game, but Robert could do nothing of the sort. He was a white man, and to be seen was to face instant death.

"The blame of lingering here is upon me," the young man admitted, "but why didn't Captain Wood send me word that I was staying too long?"

"Two diggers, they crawl out to rest on bank, so no way get here."

"Then I could not have retreated if I would, it seems, but that does not help us out of the present dilemma. Can't you suggest something?"

Zattillo said nothing, and his silence was an answer. Acquainted as he was with ways and means of island stratagems, he saw no way out of the dilemma, and the dilemma was acute.

Almost in the heart of the pirate town day had dawned, and no path of escape appeared. At any moment a moving pirate might discover the unlucky intruders.

CHAPTER XI.
THE CARPENTER'S AUGER.

The ruling passion suddenly revived within Robert Inchwood. Remembering that it was day, he directed his gaze across the pit. Was the famous gray cliff there? Looking he saw no cliff, but there was a long line of detached rocks, with fairly flat faces and only moderate gaps between. As far as it went it was encouraging, for if this was the Island of Gold, the same convulsion of nature that had lifted earth from the ocean to so largely increase its area might also have rent the cliff into separate blocks as they now were.

Zattillo's hand suddenly fell upon Robert's shoulder.

"Look!" the islander directed. "You see pails they carry water in?"

"Yes."

"It is our way. You take two, me take two. We walk away, and pirate mans he think me same as themselves who go get water."

"But they will see I am no dusky man."

"You keep face away, 'cause you walk that way from them mans."

"But my dress is different——"

"Me walk just behind you and trees help some. You know any other way we do?"

Robert was silent.

"Again, look! They work at night 'cause not hot like day. Now they stop soon. When stop, come right here. You want to wait?"

The argument was convincing, and the final question a staggerer. Robert did not want to wait, for, desperate as the trick for escape was, to stay was to invite ruin and death.

"Go on!" he directed. "I will follow!"

It was something that the man who had been leaning against the bank had resumed work, but as they would be fully exposed to view, the risk was alarming. Fortunately the pails were not far away, and both of the adventurers speedily had what they wanted. Equipped, Robert faced about and started, and Zattillo fell in behind him.

"Hurry up with that wafer!" called somebody in the pit. The direction was in a tongue strange to Inchwood, but he was afterward told its purport.

He had a very bad moment, for every second he expected to hear a shout of alarm, but the diggers, calmly eying them, detected nothing wrong, and fell to labor again. Then something else happened.

"Hallo, there!"

It was a call in English, and Robert faltered as he recognized Chief Arrowpack's voice.

"Come here for orders, you fellows!" added the pirate.

"Go on!" urged Zattillo. "Go fast, good mans!"

And Robert, never turning his head, plunged into the friendly cover of the candlenut trees. He felt sure that Arrowpack would shout after them and insist upon his orders being obeyed, but the words did not come, and a few rods farther on they rejoined Captain Job and John. Two anxious faces met Robert's gaze, and he felt more keenly than ever his failure to cut short his listening by the pit.

Something of this feeling may have been expressed in his face, for the Captain smiled good naturedly and shook him by the hand.

"Glad to see you alive, lad!" he exclaimed. "Now we must hoist our anchor an' get away with all she can carry. Zattillo has advised that we go part way up the ridge, an' I reckon that's our best hold. Zattillo lead on like a bird on wing!"

"Come pretty fast!" exclaimed the islander.

He started. His lithe figure swayed at the front, and his eyes were always busy. It was his task to see that proper cover was found, to prevent the eyes of the pirates from falling upon them, and in this work he was at home. First, he

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found the densest part of the way lined with trees, and then, when these gave place to rocks, he selected lines of flight to the same end. Escape did not seem possible, but the fugitives hastened on, hoping for the best and expecting the worst.

With silence behind them they reached the summit of the ridge, when a striking view was presented. The wide ocean was there, of course, but there was more. At the north end of the island lay the brig White Wing, and at its southern offing the Fair Lady rocked at her anchor. The latter was within plain view of the island houses, and, looking down, men were seen stirring among the dwellings. The town was awake and the adventurers were still in their home

"Back to our boat!" cried Captain Wood. "Not a moment's delay—go!"

There was no cowardly fear in his [illegible] he was awake to the danger and [illegible] what must be done. [illegible] cover was ample, and [illegible] along briskly. Five [illegible] hurried flight took them to the farther end of the island. Then the Captain paused abruptly

"The boat is gone!" he exclaimed.

It was true. At the point where it had been left was nothing but open water. The prevailing wave motion from west to east was on, and the water splashed against the shore with a brave show of foam, but the skipper could see the very point where they had landed previously.

"The boat's crew have gone back to the Fair Lady!" said John.

"No," replied Wood, quickly. "Ben Witter was in charge. He isn't the man to desert. Fact is, I'm afraid our lads are captured."

"We have swim," interrupted Zattillo. "Best go quick!"

It was good advice, and they rattled down to the water's edge. They had arrived there, and were about to plunge into the water when a hail sounded and the missing boat came into sight from a cove, her crew pulling with force which made the oars bend in blade and loom. They drove along at full speed, fetched up hastily by backing water, and the passengers piled in, and they were off and way for the ship

The Captain took heed of the faces of his men, but said nothing until several fathoms had been run off.

"What's been wrong?" he then demanded

"Native canoe passed by," explained Ben Witter "We seen it afore they see us, an got into that cove, so they didn't discover us, anyhow. But, sir, they did see the Fair Lady

"Where were they bound?"

"Home, sir Been off som'ers, it seems. Fifteen on 'em, so we was glad enough to hide."

"Right, my hearties, an' it's your everlastin' good luck you managed to do it I'll risk my bullies against twice their number, but four to fifteen is a bit stiff for a battle. Here we be!"

They were nearing the ship, and he raised his voice.

"Sails an' anchor, there! Get her goin', Mr. Pond!"

The Fair Lady instantly became a scene of activity, as the mate gave the necessary orders, but that gentleman soon directed his gaze islandward

"Then heathen are busy around their big cannon!" he announced. 'Yes," and by jimminy! they are trainin' it to bear on this old hooker!

It was startling news, but the homecomers clambered to the deck and gave their aid at gaskets halyards, and windlass. The anchor came up to the bows with violent haste, and as the sails filled the ship gathered way as if alive. She was just beginning to answer her helm when the expected happened. The cannon ashore thunderd, and the water splashed thirty fathoms off the starboard quarter as the missile took the sea in a sullen plunge.

"Done!" commented the skipper, smiling grimly. "Before they ram another ball home we will be out of easy shot."

It was a natural prediction, for it had been supposed that only one cannon was in the pirate stronghold, but they were shown their mistake. Half way up the ridge a second gun boomed, and then a third came almost as an echo, but the danger was less than before. Both shots went wild.

By that time the Fair Lady was under steerage way, and with a fine breeze on the quarter she began her flight to safety. No further shots came, though the islanders were to be seen bustling around their guns. The adventurers were back in the ship without the loss of a man.

"It will be an open struggle now," said Robert, thoughtfully. "We know they are there and what they want, and they know the same about us!"

"Bad!" replied Captain Job. "I did hope for secrecy, lads."

"Robert," interrupted John, "you listened a long while to Abner and that scoundrel of an Arrowpack. What did you hear?"

"I heard that they were after the Sword of the Sea treasure, and that the two men are allies in the work. That's the main point."

"Then Watihoe is really the Island of Gold?"

Robert meditated a considerable while before answering

"I suppose so," he then said. "Arrowpack and Abner accept it as such, and are digging for the treasure, though they gave me no tidings as to why they are so sure. There must be some reason known to them—at least so I infer

"I ain't so sure o' that!" [illegible] Wood. "We think as they do, [illegible] reasons are mere breath. Thei[illegible] be as feeble.

"In other words, the island is near where the manuscript placed the island visited by the Sword of the Sea, and its topography is a bit promising. Do you mean that and no more?"

"Yes."

"You're a wet blanket!" growled John.

"Don't let that worry you, my boy," replied Wood, smiling. "With Arrowpack hot on the scent, why need we be eager to believe his acres are the Island of Gold?"

"There is logic in that," Robert said quickly. "It may all be wrong, this mutual suspicion. Now I'll try to tell all I overheard."

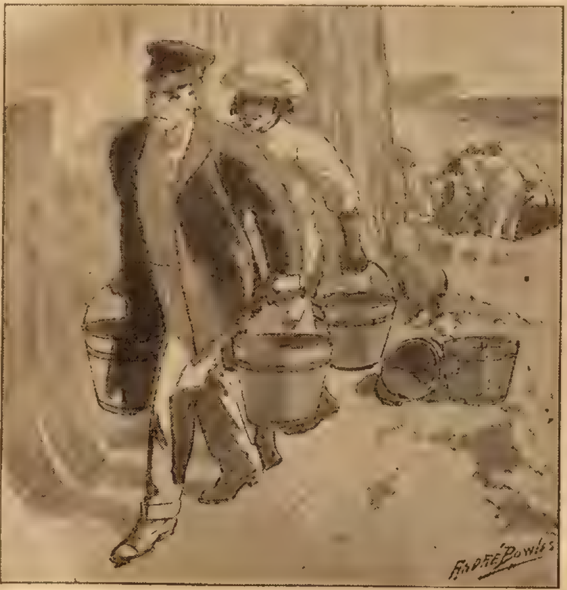
Forgetting one point for the time, he gave the story. Wood took on fresh gravity as he listened, and if he had expressed his candid opinion he would have told them that he believed all the treasure was removed more than a hundred years before, but he had not come so far to give up hope while his employers held to their purpose.

"It seems sure that the first Poi Boxdall took away a great part of the money," said Robert, in conclusion, "but Arrowpack said that old freebooter died suddenly in 1705, and it may be he had plans never fully carried out. He may have deferred bringing off all the treasure and died with his secret untold.

"That year was nineteen years after the treasure was buried," John reminded. "Time enough to take all away."

"Millions are not shipped around here and there like molasses, coffee, and the like. The main point is, why are Arrowpack and Abner so mighty sure Watihoe is the Island of Gold?'

By that time the Fair Lady was far enough from the island so that no one was concerned as to what happened there in the way of hostility, and the group aft gave mechanical attention as



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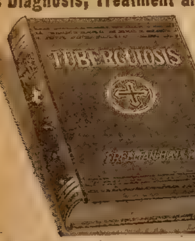

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Jackson, the ship's carpenter, came to the forecastle growling.

"Any of you fellers meddled with my best auger?" he demanded sharply.

The forecastle hands sent back a negative.

"Somebody is lying," he added, "or else I've been working in my sleep. That auger is gone from my chest."

"I guess, Chips," said Biah Knott, banteringly, "you took it to open your wine and mislaid it."

The joke pleased the forecastle, but Robert remembered more of the talk on the island. Growing abruptly serious, he lowered his voice and turned upon the shipmaster.

"Captain," he announced, "we have a traitor on board. When we sailed from New York we took a sailor along who was hired by Abner Caswell to join us, and his mission is to scuttle this ship. He is here now!"

The skipper's face seemed to freeze with anger and dismay.

"To scuttle this ship!" he echoed blankly.

"Yes, and that's where Chips' auger has gone. Mischief is afoot!"

CHAPTER XII.

AT RISK OF LIFE.

Captain Wood was clearly seriously upset, and his rallying power was not so much in evidence then as usual, but he finally threw up his head and his expression became as resolute as usual.

"Come to the cabin!" he directed. "This must be kept still."

They went and once there he wheeled upon Robert impetuously.

"Do I understand you to say we have a traitor in the ship who is to scuttle the Fair Lady?" he demanded

"So Abner Caswell says," Robert replied.

"You heard him say so when he was talkin' with Arrowpack?"

"Yes."

"Give me the whole story!"

The charterer complied with the request, and the account was soon fully given.

"Bad!" muttered Wood. "I tried to get good foremast hands when I made the selection in New York, but it seems one on 'em was the worst I could have took. One man has sailed all these weeks with us with it in his blamed head to sink this ship, eh?"

"Yes."

"But who is he?"

"There you have it, Captain. It is all-important that we learn who that man is, or the Fair Lady will soon go to the fishes, and it may be we'll go with her. Who is the man?"

"Tough question to answer. Sixteen hands to pick from. It can't be Ben Witter, Biah Knott, Peter Lund, Hugh Jackson, nor——"

Captain Job's voice died away. Previously he had placed full confidence in every forecastle hand, but with knowledge that one of them was a traitor, he was hardly ready to vouch for more than the four he had named. One of the remaining twelve intended to scuttle the Fair Lady, but who was he?

"We've got to trap him!" the skipper abruptly added. "John, will you go on deck, or wherever you may find the carpenter, and tell him to find that auger if it's in the ship—find it at once, mind you! Let him use it as he wants to do, just now, an' after that lay it in a conspicuous place. I'll see if anybody will purloin it again."

John went, after which Captain Job snorted belligerently.

"Bore a hole in our keel and sink us, will he? Look ye, Robert, if I ketch that knave at his work I'll yardarm him, by mighty!"

The younger man made no reply, but his thoughts were busy. Of all the detestable wretches now and then encountered at sea, the man who would scuttle or burn a ship was the worst, for he not only strove to destroy property, but put the lives of all the crew in danger. And in this case the scuttler was known to be on board, yet there was no clew to his identity. From that hour until he was exposed they must live with this unknown foe, conscious that he might at any moment succeed in working his vile purpose.

Presently John returned to say that the auger was found, and in a strange place. Going to his kit chest for something, the carpenter had found the auger below all his belongings. His mates were accepting the matter as a good joke on the part of somebody not known, but Chips was not yet in good humor.

John had barely finished his report when a hail was heard from the deck, and shortly afterward the cook appeared in the cabin.

"Mr. Pond would like to see you, sir," he announced. "A sail boat is close aboard of us, and something is wrong."

"Ha! ha!" cried Wood in disgust. "What now? We will see."

He made for the companionway, and followed by Robert, gained the deck. The mate was standing in the waist, looking over the bulwark, and going to that point, they found the strange boat as near alongside as circumstances would permit. Driven by a quartering breeze, she was running with the ship. Ten islanders were in her, and as Wood appeared a shout of welcome arose from them.

"Good Captain, now hear us!" one of their number exclaimed.

"Are you from Daniel Lee's island?" demanded the skipper, after a critical look.

"Ay, ay, sir, we from Popoatto," was the response.

"What's wrong?"

"Mary Lee, she been taken by Arrowpack!"

"What?" roared Wood.

"Arrowpack not along, but some of his men come in boat and capture Missy Mary. They take her 'way prisoner, and her father, he say she must be at Watihoe now."

"Great heavens!" gasped Robert.

"But I thought the pirates never molested you folks under Daniel Lee," pursued the Captain. "How did it happen?"

"Nobody know that, sir. We only know one of the red canoes was off the island, and that Mary, she was at the south of the island, and one of our island women saw the canoe go away with Mary on the seat with a man holding her. Oh! Arrowpack got her, plenty sure!"

"What has been done about it?"

"Master Lee, he go to get help from San Felandre, and we—we go to Watihoe as a war party."

The speaker's voice faltered as he announced the latter fact, and looking at the ten islanders, the unfitness of their mission was really pathetic. Daniel Lee had chosen for his servants men remarkable only for their kindness of heart and gentle ways, and the ten were about as suitable for a war party as an equal number of kittens. Matched against the scourge of the Pacific, they would be useless, and though their devotion to their master had urged them on, they knew it.

"Who else is going?" demanded Robert, his voice ringing sharply.

"There is nobody to go, sir."

"Not until help comes from San Felandre?"

"Not until then, sir."

Robert wheeled upon Captain Job.

"We must go to Watihoe, ourselves!" he cried. "Miss Lee must be rescued, and we are the only helpers hereabouts. We must go!"

"So we must!"

The skipper answered readily, but his hand strayed to his beard in a disquieted manner, and he fell to stroking that appendage uneasily. He had not forgotten that the Fair Lady had lately fled from Watihoe, glad to be out of the reach of Arrowpack and his hundred of desperate followers

"How can we get the girl free?" asked John, almost as uneasily, yet with a stubborn look in his eyes that told of a ready spirit.

"I would risk my Jack Tars against the whole caboodle, including Abner Caswell's tail to the pirate dog," said Captain Job, "if it was not for them three blamed cannon. Drat the big guns. With them, if we fought him, Arrowpack could blow us into mince meat!"

"We go just the same!" Robert declared, growing more determined at the breath of doubt. "Shift your helm, Captain, and let's get back."

"I'm with ye where you lead," Wood stoutly promised, "but we can't make this a jumpin'-jack game unless we want to die for Miss Lee, instead o' savin' her. S'pose we heave in sight off Watihoe and command that Malay gang to give her up? Why, they will simply train them cannon on us, and blow us, as I have said, into bits. Seems to me we can do more for the girl than to commit suicide."

Robert was silent. Eager as he was to do a good work, he was not deaf to reason. He had to admit to himself that it would be the folly of a weak mind to order the Fair Lady to appear off the pirate stronghold as if she were one of a fleet.

"But what's to be done?" asked John.

"We must wait until night," Wood responded.

"I agree," said Robert, "but when the town again sleeps, we attack. I believe a grand rush will carry the town."

A hand touched his arm lightly, and turning, he saw Zattillo. A change had come over the native of mixed blood. He had been so mild of late that all had forgotten that hour when he kissed his long-bladed knife and vowed vengeance upon Arrowpack, but the mildness had given place to his more tempestous mood. Excited by the latest news, the blood inheritance from his Malay father had overcome the meek spirit of his Kanaka mother.

"Let me go save girl!" he said, and his voice was a soft hiss.

"You? Alone?"

"Alone!" echoed Zattillo.

"How can you do it?"

"Go in canoe or some other boat, enter town, crawl like snake, find girl, take her 'way. One man better than many. Zattillo laugh at big guns on island. Soft, slow, cunning—that way! Me go!"

Robert heard and caught at the suggestion. It flashed upon him no worse mistake could be made than to expose their full force—too few to wage successful war, and enough to destroy all hope—where the pirates waited with their fighting force of men and cannon. The young man caught at Zattillo's hand eagerly.

"You shall go, but not alone. I will

(Continued on page eighteen.)

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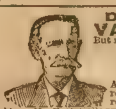

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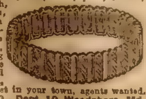

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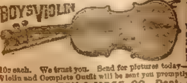

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The Vanished Bride.

(Continued from page six)

when you are fatigued after last night's exertion," said Tom, "but I am impatient to see the lighthouse you spoke of."

"I guessed as much," responded the doctor, cheerfully. "We shall have a good mile to go before we pass the point, but the weather is fine and the air mild. Come!"

They took leave and started. "It is odd about that blue light," said Tom, musingly. "What do you suppose it signifies? Or is there anything serious about it at all?"

"For my own part, I think not," said the physician, after a moment's reflection. "Delphine Wolverton was always proud of her occult science and perhaps really enjoys the power she has acquired. She, so to speak, plays with her own skill, and loves to display it in these useless manifestations. Take that ever-recurring profile, for instance. How she does that trick no one knows. It undoubtedly annoys Wolverton, but what a senseless persecution it is! Romaine never seems in the least alarmed at any happening which we should deem against nature. She is so used to her mother's magic that she is proof against fear."

"It is a wonder they can get the servants to stay," said Mr. Allison

"Well, it is. But I doubt if they know much about it. Modern science has taken the edge from medieval magic. That blue mist about the house is often exceedingly uncanny, yet I really believe the domestics suppose it comes from the electric burners. I doubt if Delphine meant that light to be seen from the old ruin, but I feel sure I did see it."

The sharp, salty breeze announced that they were approaching the shore, and a turn in the road brought them to a wide, rockbound inlet. A few huts were scattered about, and a boat or two came into sight as they drove on past the rocky steeps to where the beach, still rough and pebbly, gave access to the sea.

"Look! look!" exclaimed Dr. Bolton, "yonder! I saw the light again!"

Mr. Allison gazed searchingly in all directions, but saw no light

"It is gone! No! There it is again Surely you must see it now!"

"Yes," said Mr. Allison, slowly, "I do perceive a glimmer at last; but it is very much farther off than I had imagined it, and the light is faint."

"Wait," replied the doctor eagerly. "I will drive slowly, and you will see how plainly the lighthouse will come into view."

Even as he spoke the blue glimmer grew into a steady light, a dim outline appeared, becoming every moment more distinct, until the ruin lay apparently within easy reach.

Tom Allison was intensely interested. He drew a small telescope from his pocket, adjusted it, and gazed long and earnestly at the slender tower

"Is that lighthouse subject to disappearances?" he queried. "I mean can it be seen by daylight and be visited by the curious."

"Fogs are common in this part of the country," answered the doctor, "and they frequently envelop parts of the outlook, leaving the rest quite clear. In this way the ruin often vanishes"

Mr. Allison was still looking through his glass. A small sailboat was passing beyond the lighthouse, yet could be seen as though the ruin were transparent.

"And can this lighthouse be visited?" repeated Tom

"Not now," said the doctor "The people about here are superstitious regarding it. Not a fisherman on the shore would lend his boat for such a trip, nor consent to act as guide or pilot. Besides, they say the sea is dangerous thereabouts. Some report quicksands, others imagine rumblings, and it is certain that the waves lash over the outlying bowlders with the wildest fury"

"All the same, I am minded to venture the trip," said Tom. "Wouldn't you like to go?"

"I am not sure that I care about it," he replied, "and it would be a risky thing, even if you could get a boat."

"I'll get a boat if I have to buy one or build one," said Tom. "What day would suit you? Day after tomorrow? If I mistake not, we are veering toward success. I already know something of that ruin which is going to astonish you."

"Tell me!" cried Dr. Bolton.

"Not yet!"

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The great Rabbi Gamaliel once brought the Scriptures of his nation to the Roman Emperor, Hadrian, who, after a study of the sacred books, rashly retorted to the rabbi, that in the story of Genesis the Creator was little better than a thief, because He had stolen one of Adam's ribs. Gamaliel was bewildered and perplexed, but his daughter rose to the occasion.

"Let me answer the Emperor," she begged, "and I will vindicate our holy writings."

So on the next day she presented herself before Hadrian

"Oh, Emperor of the Romans," she cried, "truly a terrible thing has happened, wherefore we invoke thy aid."

Hadrian was greatly concerned, and asked what it was. The Hebrew maiden replied that at the dead hour of midnight a thief had subtly and stealthily entered their abode and had stolen away a silver flagon, although it was true, she added, that he had left a golden flagon in its place.

"Why," cried the Roman Emperor, "that was no robber, but a benefactor! Would that such a one might rob me, too!"

The Hebrew maiden smiled a subtle Oriental smile. "Ah!" she said, looking down and blushing sweetly. "Why, then, do you blame the Creator and accuse Him of theft, seeing that, if He took a rib from Adam, He left him Eve instead?"

* * *

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La Condamine was a celebrated French physicist, and to him is credited the first mention in Europe of the india-rubber tree.

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Before she could proceed further he interrupted her. "Ah, madam, nothing could be more unjust. I assure you I was not reading anything

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COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

Hard luck stories make shy friends.

Not all the hot air comes from furnaces.

The only way to feel good is to believe that way.

Force a man to eat his own words and he will soon lose his appetite.

Few bachelors are as gay as they want women to think they are.

The man who thinks three times before he speaks has but little to say.

When a woman wants to puzzle a man all she has to do is act natural.

A man doesn't appreciate common sense in a woman unless he is married to her.

It is the triumph of hope over experience that induces a widower to marry again.

Although not a philanthropist, the bunko man is always looking for good things he can do.

Many an easy-going man hasn't the courage to say no—until you ask him for the loan of a ten spot.

Honestly, now, isn't it the things that are none of your business that keep your curiosity working overtime?

When a man knows he is in the wrong he can nearly always prove that he isn't by arguing the matter with his wife.

When a man repeats the smart sayings of his children, he naturally expects you to understand that he is responsible.

The average woman isn't satisfied unless her husband quits loving her long enough to make love to her occasionally.

After a man has been arrested for bigamy he can't understand how Solomon acquired his reputation for wisdom.

Scientists tell us the higher we go the colder it gets. Perhaps that is why more of us do not struggle to reach the top.

You can please any woman by telling her she looks like a picture—and yet she knows there are some horrid pictures.

Young men, never make the mistake of telling a girl that you are unworthy of her. She may marry you and remind you of it.

Probably there is nothing that will make a woman quite so happy as the possession of a thing her rival wants and can't afford.

It's easier for a young man to write a satisfactory love letter during courtship than it is to write a satisfactory check after marriage.

The Island of Gold

(Continued from page sixteen.)

keep you company. We go alone, we two!"

"Good, good! No better way!" cried the islander.

"Is it not so, Captain Job?" Robert pursued.

The skipper drew along breath. He was strangely grave, but his nature was straightforward, and he omitted the many arguments and cautions the ordinary man would have advanced.

"I won't deny," he responded, "that the plan promises more of success than any other, but look ye, lad, it is a most risky venture. Honesty compels me to say that you stand one chance of success where you have four chances of bein' killed by them ruffians."

"We will take the one chance and win on it!" snapped the young man.

It was his decision, and he clung to it, though presently John, after vainly insisting upon going, too, opposed him tenaciously, and Mr. Pond joined him in the warning. From the time of his first meeting with Mary Lee he had carried her much in his mind, and more than duty now urged him on to action. Acute as the danger was, he was determined to hazard the attempt.

With this point decided the planning was taken up, and the few ways and means at their disposal were duly canvassed and decided upon.

Although ten of the Kanakas had come in Daniel Lee's sailboat, thereby overcrowding it, it was more fit for two or three than a large party. It was staunch, light, and well-fitted out, and when Zattillo had asserted that he was thoroughly familiar with the management of such a craft, Robert hesitated no longer. When in New York he had himself often sailed similar craft in the harbor, the sound, and off the south shore, so he knew what was required.

Two hours of consideration developed a plan that was afterward modified in only one particular. At the proper time the Fair Lady was to turn back, being careful not to raise the island before dark, nor to get within sight of any of Arrowpack's red canoes, and when darkness fell the sailboat was to take the two adventurers to their destination. At the crisis, however, the ship was to be in the offing, ready to give her help when the retreat was made.

The one modification was that one of the natives from Popoatto, an intelligent man named Witilo, besought permission to join the rescue party and remain in the boat while Robert and Zattillo invaded the village, and as the value of having somebody do this was easily seen, his eager request was finally agreed to willingly.

Long before the point had been decided the Kanakas were all in the ship and their boat in tow, and under their pilotage the Fair Lady ran to a small island they called Kaloto, where the anchor was let go in a miniature harbor, and where the superfluous time was spent.

At the proper hour they left the place and headed again for Watihoe, the boat still in tow. The run was made without seeing any of the red canoes that now meant so much to them, and nightfall found them within five leagues of land. Later, they crept nearer, and finally the boat was made ready, and it left on its solitary sail with only Robert, Zattillo, and Witilo for a crew. It was the half-Malay who steered, and he soon established his reputation for skill. Held to its work by his cunning hand, the boat drew near the island like a fleeing ghost.

Robert's watch showed that it was twelve o'clock when Watihoe was sighted, and a circuit of the island revealed no light except that of a single lantern on the deck of the White Wing, which was still in the harbor. Look as he would and did, the American saw nothing of a similar nature near the pit where the treasure was supposed to be, and he decided that operations had not been resumed.

Zattillo showed that he had photographed the shore definitely on his mind, and presently, under his guidance, the craft was brought closer and run into the same cove where the ship's boat had been hidden the night before.

All was now ready for the venture, and Robert and Zattillo stepped ashore. Witilo had careful orders, and he remained in the boat.

"Now you ready for to go?" asked Zattillo.

"All ready!" Robert replied.

"Knife ready? Pistol ready?"

"All ready!"

"Then we go."

Zattillo glided away soft-footed, and his white friend followed. Arrowpack's village was less than five minutes' walk distant. They would soon be there. After that—what would happen?

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

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The undertaker considers it a grave situation when he has nothing to do.

The Wall Street Nemesis.

(Continued from page eleven.)

or position or family, or because I just had the whim, I jilted her. You'd just about be angry enough to kill me, wouldn't you?"

"Ted," exclaimed Corra, passionately, "I really believe I could kill you if you broke Cerise's heart by doing any such thing as that."

"That's the way to talk," ejaculated the young man. "Now you're getting your spunk back. Now you talk like the woman you are. And if you'd feel like that toward me, how much worse you ought to feel toward the man who has done all that dirty work to you.'

Corra nodded her head sadly. But further discussion was cut short by the entrance of a messenger from Dorgan & Company. He bore the list of stockholders of the St. Louis & Southern Road, which she had asked for on the preceding day. When she had receipted for the package and the bearer had departed, she eagerly broke the seals and studied the long list of names and addresses.

A very large part of them were of New York brokerage houses, who hold stock for their customers or for railroad magnates who do not desire to have their extensive holdings publicly known. The list also showed a large number of very small holders in the far West, men and women who owned five and ten and twenty-five shares each, who had probably bought it for the dividends when it was a good paying investment, and who were now still holding on in the hope that the price would some day return to the former high figure at which it had been sold.

Half way down the list her finger point stopped at the line reading:

Hathaway, Annabelle. Stonington, Conn. 800 shares.

She made a note of that, also of other lines which indicated that Philip Marsden, of New London, Conn., owned 1,000 shares and Claudius Heston of the same place 900 shares.

Then she ran into a nest of large stockholders who lived in Boston and its suburbs. She made a note of names whose owners' possessions aggregated more than 7,000 shares. Then she turned sharply to Ted.

"Call up Cerise on the 'phone," she instructed, "and tell her to pack my small grip with necessaries for a three days' trip out of town, and have her meet me at the Grand Central Station with it in an hour."

With wide eyes Frothingham did as requested. Nor did he overlook the opportunity to communicate a message of his own.

Corra next arranged through the house of Dorgan for a credit of $50,000 for use on her New England expedition.

The clocks were striking ten when for the first time she turned to the ticker. She was as anxious to learn how S. L. S. stock was to act, now that she had its arch manipulator, Kendall, in duress. She had not long to wait. Among the earliest quotations was one of 100 shares of S. L. S. at 51⅝. That was ⅜ below the figure at which it had closed on the preceding day. Evidently the demand for the stock was not so brisk. She accounted for that by the absence of Kendall. It was easy to conjecture that he had left no overnight orders to buy and that the previous day's demand having ceased, the stock was slipping back to its old figure

She felt sure her idea was correct, when, a moment later, a sale of S. L. S was recorded at 51⅜. Nor did she hesitate to act then. Calling Marcosson she gave these instructions:

"Buy all the S. L. S. offered under 51½. Don't bid for it, mind you, but take all that anybody wants to sell."

"But suppose we get a flood of the

(Continued on page nineteen.)

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

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HOME Business—Collect names, information, etc., for business concerns. Steady income. Instructive booklet for stamp. Information System, 760, Marietta, Ohio.

FREE Illustrated Book tells about over 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

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WANT ADS

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BE a trained nurse. Earn $15 to $35 weekly. Train at home in a short time. Free catalogue. Rochester Nurses Institute, 872, Rochester, New York.

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EITHER sex, to sell the new household wonder. Sells on sight big profit for the agent. Nothing like it; repeat orders assured; red stamp for sample and particulars. Empire Mfgr., D, Stonington, Maine.

MY BOOKS mean dollars for you. Particulars for red stamp. L. Boyer, Gallatin, Missouri.

BOKARA DIAMONDS. Agents, everyone, wear and sell famous Bokara Diamonds. Write for sample offer and catalogue free. Northwestern Jewelry Co., 1127 Wilson Avenue, Chicago.

FREE wholesale catalogue, jewelry, new books, novelties, etc. [illegible] Co., Bank Bldg., [illegible]

WANTED—To sell cheap, three brand new five-ton wagon scales eight by foureen; standard manufacture. Write Daley Scale Agency, Dept. No. 7, Binghamton, New York.

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FOR WOMEN

KREMOLA—"Makes the skin beautiful." This cream removes the surface cuticle with all discolorations, pimples, etc., giving beautiful new complexion; all druggists. Booklet, "Hints on How to Be Beautiful," Free. Dr. C. H. Berry Company, Chicago.

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FARMS—Hotels for Sale—New York State; illustrated catalogue free. H. L. Reed, Amsterdam, N.Y.

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RAGTIME Piano Playing taught by mail. Write for free book. Christensen Musical College, 85 Auditorium, Chicago.

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PERSONAL

MARRIAGE Paper; highest character; incorporated; 16th year; 8,000 members; paper sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colorado.

MARRY—Get a wife. Names, addresses, over 500 pretty girl members who wish to marry and your name also sent to them for 50c. Be first. Address The Companion's Corresponding Club, Boaz, Kentucky.

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MARRY RICH—Matrimonial paper of highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed free; sealed; either sex. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grays Lake, Illinois.

MARRIAGE PAPER free; best published for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

FREE Reading by trance medium. Send date of birth—dime. Dr. Eagle, Saginaw, Michigan.

FREE Life Reading; send birthdate and dime postage to Dr. Smith, Dept. QQ, Saginaw, Michigan.

LOST PERSONS

HEIRS Wanted at once. 50 000 estates seeking claimants. You may be one. Facts in booklet BL. Send 2c stamp. International Claim Agency, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Escaping the Snare

(Continued from page nine.)

lives in the gamekeeper's cottage. He always comes to town o' Saturdays, an' there ain't nothin' 'bout the Courtnays that he don't know."

Jack at once made up his mind that he would make a point of having a talk with old Lenny Clock.

A sudden turn in the avenue brought them in sight of Courtnay Manor, and he looked with interest at the great [illegible] house, with its pillared portico. Telling the boy to wait, he descended from the trap, went up the wide marble [illegible] and sounded the great brass knocker on the door. It was some little time before the great wide doors were opened by a white-haired old man [illegible] in funeral black, whom Jack [illegible] to be the butler.

Jack asked if he could see Sir Gerard Courtnay.

"Sir Gerard Courtnay is not at home, sir," the old man replied.

"When would I be likely to find him at home?" queried Jack.

The old butler smiled.

"That is more than I can tell you, sir. Sir Gerard Courtnay is in America. I have no idea when he will return."

"Will you kindly furnish me with his present address?"

"I do not know Sir Gerard's present address," replied the butler.

Jack stood hesitating, longing, yet afraid to put the question that would end all suspense and uncertainty. One word from the old man before him would settle the question. And he shrank nervously from putting that question. He would know then whether Dorothy were indeed lost to him, or if he had still a chance to win her.

"Do you wish to see Sir Gerard Courtnay about anything important, sir?" asked the old butler.

"Yes," Jack replied, promptly, suppressing a grim smile. "Some other member of the family might answer," he added, with the idea of drawing the old man out.

The butler shook his head sadly.

"There are no other members, sir," he said. "They're all dead and gone but Sir Gerard."

"Then Sir Gerard is the last of his race?" queried Jack.

The butler gave him a quick, inquiring look before replying.

"I can't say positively as to that," he admitted. "A younger brother of Sir Gerard's father married and went away to America. He died some years ago. I think he left one child, a daughter."

"And she is next of kin?"

"Yes, but it's not likely she'll ever be mistress of Courtnay Manor. Sir Gerard will marry and have a son or daughter to succeed him."

"I think I have heard since I've been in this vicinity that Charles Courtnay married beneath him."

The old butler gravely inclined his head.

"That's true," he said. "He married the younger daughter of Joe Kent, the lodgekeeper. She was a very handsome girl and a good girl. Mr. Charles Courtney loved her, and made her his wife. His father disowned him, and he went off to America with his wife. They are both dead."

"The dark-haired woman at the lodge is the sister of Charles Courtnay's wife?" questioned Jack.

The bulter gave him a quick, inquiring glance as he replied

"Yes, that's Dorcas Kent, the sister of Anna."

"She must have been handsome, too, in her younger days," murmured Jack, musingly. He felt a strange intense intrest in the dark somber-faced woman who was Dorothy's aunt, and who would also be her servant if Dorothy were ever mistress at Courtnay Manor.

"Yes, she was handsome," the butler declared. He shook his head. "Too handsome for her own good. I suppose you've heard about her, too, sir?" looking at Jack inquiringly. "Heard that she went wrong?"

"No," replied Jack, slowly, "I hadn't heard that."

"Well, you will hear it in time if you stay about here," the butler declared, with a touch of bitterness Jack did not understand at the time. "And they'll tell you who was the father of Dorcas Kent's child."

"There was a child?" exclaimed Jack. "Who was the father?"

The old man looked at him oddly.

"I won't answer you that, sir," he replied, with a simple dignity. "But any one of the village gossips in Lancaster will tell you that the father of Dorcas Kent's child was—Mr. Edward Courtnay?"

"What?" exclaimed Jack. He looked eagerly at the butler.

"You must excuse me, sir, but I would rather not talk about it," he said. "I knew you'd hear about it, or I never would have mentioned it."

"Jack stood reflecting. He saw that it would be useless to try to obtain any information on the subject from the butler. Loyalty to the family he served sealed his lips. Jack knew he must seek information elsewhere. He had no further excuse for lingering, and the time had come for him to put the question upon which depended so much.

"I understand how you feel about the matter," he said. He paused and his heart beat quicker. "By the way, what sort of a looking man is Sir Gerard Courtnay? Is he dark or fair?"

"Sir Gerard is fair, sir," replied the butler.

The conclusion of this remarkable story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year, and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

The Wall Street Nemesis

(Continued from page eighteen.)

stock around that figure," suggested the cautious broker.

"Follow my instructions, not only throughout today, but if you don't get much stock, say 1,000 shares, tomorrow you can raise my limit to 52½. And keep raising it a point a day until you hear from me again. Do you understand?"

"But the money to pay for all this?" pressed Marcosson.

"You've got enough now to carry you along for several days," insisted Corra. "If I'm not back by that time, and you need more, call up my office and I'll have the money arranged for."

"Can't you leave us your out-of-town address?"

"Now that's my business, please," she answered peremptorily, and hung up the receiver.

"I'm going to be gone for several days, Ted," she explained, "and I'm leaving you in charge here. The responsibility won't make you round shouldered, but it ought to give you some confidence in yourself. I'll send you a wire every morning giving you my address for the day, so you can reach me in case of emergency. But I'm not thinking there'll be any. And mind you," she shook her finger warningly, "Paul Kendall is not to be released until I return or give you the word."

"Trust me for that," grinned the young man. "He might as well be in the heart of Africa as in the heart of New York City, for all the chances he has of getting out. And he'd know where he was in Africa just as well as he knows where he is now."

"Au revoir, then," she smiled sadly. "I'm off to the war," and she hurried to the elevator. In her abstraction she did not note the tall, well-dressed man who followed her into the subway, took the same train, and left it when she got off at the Grand Central Station. Nor did she notice him as she stood at the ticket window and purchased a ticket for New London, Conn. Nor did she hear him ask for a ticket to the same destination.

Yet Tod Riker made no pretense of concealing the fact that he was following her, for he entered the same car of the train and took a seat just across the aisle from Corra.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Crushed by a Caddie.

"It is not always safe to fish for compliments," says a Washington man, who travels quite a bit, "and I recently learned a lesson in this regard from a caddie attached to a golf club, near this town.

"I was going round the links one afternoon, and making a dreadful exhibition of myself. I did not, however know that my caddie was fully aware of this, as he seemed so blissfully unconscious that anything was wrong. He was a nice, freckled little Irishman, and I took quite a fancy to him, especially as never a hint came from him that I was doing badly. At the end of the round, in the hope of a 'jolly' from the lad, I ventured to observe:

"'I've been traveling for the last two months, and I'm dreadfully out of practice. That's why I'm in such bad form today.'

"To which the caddie calmly replied, 'Oh, then, ye've played before, sir.'"

* * *

He Whistled.

He was only a poor little messenger boy.

When the young woman stepped into the elevator on the first floor of the building it was crowded with big men—and that messenger boy. In an instant the boy snatched his hat from his head.

One by one, but with shamed blushes, the men in the elevator followed suit. The young woman was not handsome, but she was neat and trim and self-possessed. Quickly she turned to the lad and said:

"You are a little gentleman—one of the old-fashioned sort," and she flashed a wonderful sweet smile upon him.

The child looked at her in amazement. He had been fumbling with his cap, but now he found the message he had stuck in its sweatband, took it out, stuck his cap on his head and began to whistle.

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Yes, sir, that's right—you keep this engine for $7.50, a wonderful gasoline engine offer, an offer without a parallel. We ship you Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine on your simple request without an order or any promise from you. You use the engine 10 entire days, use it all you want. [illegible] want it, send it back at our expense. If you do want to keep it pay us only $7.50 and the rest in the easiest monthly payments. We send you the engine free, to prove that it is the greatest air cooled 3 horse power engine on earth. [illegible] chilled cylinder. The only engine for farm use with a spark retarder. [illegible] actual free trial without a cent down in any way.

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Schmidt Bros. Co. Engine Works, Dept. 5023, Davenport, Iowa

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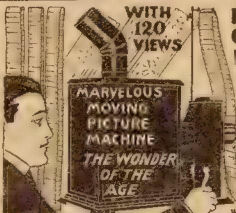

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The Young Settlers;

Or, In the Days of Daniel Boone

By Captain Jack Judson

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CHAPTER I.

THE INDIAN AT THE WINDOW.

IN THE spreading glow of a log fire two boys sat at a rude table in what was then the wilderness of Kentucky. They were interested in a parchment map which lay before them, and the firelight falling upon it revealed a lot of lines and other marks, such as are seen in diagrams of a new and unknown country.

On the hearth lay a huge dog with long hair. His head was between his paws and his eyes were covertly watching the lads who were dressed in buckskin jackets, the edges of which were fringed.

"Here is Indian Creek," said one of the youths, laying his finger on a certain spot. "It must be a great trapping ground, Justin."

"Yes, Kenton says he saw lots of good signs there when he came down."

"The only drawback is the red man," was the reply. "Although he hasn't bothered this vicinity lately there is no telling when he will come and set the whole region aflame."

"It's worth risking a little, I think."

"Daniel Boone is not so sure about that," was the cautious rejoinder. "He knows this country like a book, for he has followed every trail in it for years."

"I'm for taking the traps out and trying our luck. We are good runners, and so far as I am concerned, it will take a fleet-footed Indian to catch me."

The dog raised his head and gave a low whine.

"What is it, Shot?" said Jack Niekirk, glancing at the guardian of the cabin.

Shot again dropped his head between his paws and apparently fell asleep. But presently the huge animal sprang to his feet with every bristle on end and fire flashing from the depths of his large, keen eyes.

There was but one window in the cabin, and the gaze of the two young borderers sought it at once. They leaped up and stared at the hideous apparition which had presented itself.

They had seen Indians before, for they had crossed the mountains from North Carolina with a caravan of settlers, and had marched behind the unerring rifle of Boone, the greatest of all frontiersmen. But now the object at which the stared was enough to send their blood cold through every vein.

At the window was the face of an Indian. Justin and Jack saw the lines of paint which still further disfigured the features. They saw, too, the feather which stuck from his raven scalplock and the brass rings which he wore in his ears.

In another second the face had vanished, but not before the boys had sprung to a corner where two trusty rifles stood, and cocking them, they turned once more to the little window.

"He is gone, Jack."

"Yes, he evidently saw enough," was the reply.

The boys remained silent a minute longer.

"What think you of the trapping grounds now?" asked Justin, with a smile.

"I don't intend to be frightened away by one Indian," was the determined answer.

"But he may be the vanguard of a host."

"Let us see where the red rascal went."

Followed by the dog, which was eager for the fray, the boys slipped from the cabin.

It was a clam, starlit night, and objects in the scant clearing were quite discernible. Shot at once took the trail and with a fierce bark bounded away. The trail led toward a little creek, which not far off joined the Kentucky River.

"The spy seems to be making tracks for deep timber," remarked Justin Rudy. "We'll follow to the river at any rate. If he has a canoe he will probably row across, and then of course we will have to give up the hunt."

All at once a figure bounded into the boy's sight, and they recoiled as their rifle locks clicked ominously.

"I'm no red, lads!" rang out a clear voice, followed by a hearty laugh. "You don't want Old Baldy's scalp, I'm sure."

"Not for the world!" cried the boys in unison.

There now advanced into clearer starlight a man who was known throughout the Kentucky wilderness.

He was a tall, lean man of sixty, clad in hunting costume and carrying a formidable rifle across his shoulder. A coonskin cap was set jauntily on his head, and he wore his hunting pouch and powder horn at his side. Baldwin Sims, or "Old Baldy" as he was familiarly called, was one of the best backwoodsmen of his day, and more than one Indian had fallen before his weapon.

"What's the fracas?" he asked, as a smile seamed his sallow face. "You haven't started a deer, eh?"

"No, but we've seen an Indian."

"In this kentry?" queried the old man.

"Yes. He looked in at our window awhile ago."

"Takin' a survey of the premises, I suppose. Wal, it means something more than a mere look."

"That's what we thought," answered Jack. "You did not see him, Baldy?"

"If I had there might be a vacancy at an Injun campfire," was the significant reply, as the old man touched his rifle. "Came this way, did he?"

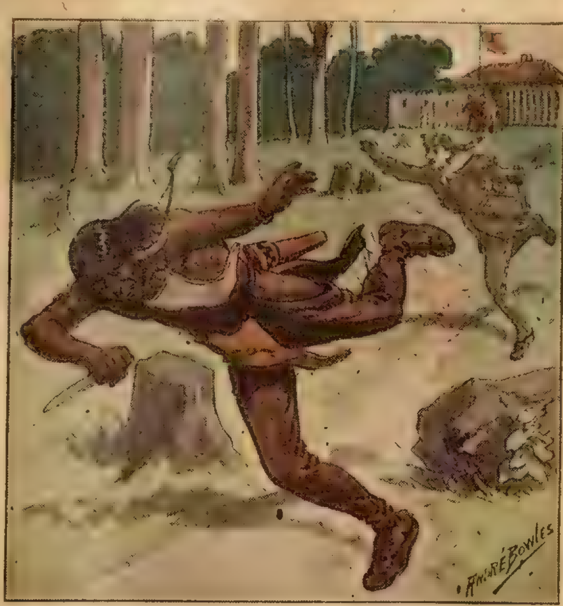
"Shot says so, at any rate."

All three turned toward the river, and the sagacious dog once more took up the trail.

"Look! the red had a canoe here," suddenly cried Old Baldy, stooping at the water's edge and looking up into the boys' faces. "Here's whar he had it hidden."

Jack and Justin knew the old man too well to doubt his observation. There were plenty of signs to show that the Indian had had a canoe moored among the bushes at the bank, and the boys examined the spot to their satisfaction.

On the opposite bank was a bright clear spot upon which the full light of the stars fell. The old man leaned forward and fixed his gaze upon it.



The king of the frontier was racing after the Shawnee.

"Thar's something over yonder which don't look just right," he said in low tones. "It's not a tree, an' my old eyes haven't lost their cunnin'."

Stepping back a pace he raised his rifle, and his bronzed cheek dropped to the polished stock. Suddenly the silence was broken by the clear crack of the hunter's weapon, and to the ears of all came the death cry of a human being!

"I thought so," quietly remarked Old Baldy, as he turned to the breathless boys. "I guess thar's one Injun less in these parts."

As there was no canoe to be found in the locality, the old hunter divested himself of his hunting frock and plunged into the water. It was not a long swim, and then the river was not very deep, and the next moment the boys saw Old Baldy making for the opposite shore. They saw him scramble upon the farther bank, and presently his head was bobbing up and down in the water on his way back.

In a few minutes he landed at the boys' feet and shook something ghastly in their faces.

"Better an Injun's scalp than yours, boys," he said, with a triumphant grin.

"You found him over there?"

"I generally find what I shoot at," was the reply. "He wasn't a young buck, either, but a full grown Shawnee warrior."

The little party now made their way back to the cabin, and once more the boys were ensconced before the fire.

"We're goin' to see times in Kaintuck," remarked Old Baldy, as he proceeded to dry his garments on the hearth. "I've got a little news for Boone an' the rest o' them. They'll be down upon us before long, the hull caboodle o' them. They've been [illegible] for some time an' Black Panther an' his set are hungry for scalps."

Jack and Justin looked at each other in dead silence.

"I'm afraid this interferes with our plans," remarked Jack at length.

The old man started.

"What sort o' plans have ye?"

"We were going to set traps on Indian Creek."

"It's a good place for game," said Old Baldy. "But just now it mightn't be the safest place on earth."

"When, think you, the tribe will be here?"

"Just as soon as old Panther can marshal his hosts," was the answer.

"Boone must know of this."

"I'm goin' to tell him."

"Will they attack Boonesborough?"

"That's the plan. They've got several renegades with them, and you know what that means, boys."

"It means war to the knife."

"Exactly. There's Simon Girty, one o' the biggest fiends that ever drew a tomahawk, an' with 'em is that other renegade, Mike Mullen, the white Shawnee, whose scalp I've been after for a hull year."

"Maybe you'll get it this time."

"I hope so, boys. Nothin' would give Old Baldy more pleasure than to wear the scalp of that wretch at his belt."

At this juncture the dog sprang up as the door opened, and a man in hunting costume came in.

"Why, it's Simon!" exclaimed the old man. "Good night, Kenton."

Simon Kenton, then a young man, walked into the firelight, and Shot, evidently recognizing him, went back to the hearth and dropped asleep.

Kenton's glance roved to Old Baldy's wet garments, and a smile illumined his face.

"You've been in the water?" he said.

"Look on the floor yonder."

Kenton's eyes fell upon the Indian scalp, and he turned to the old man for an explanation.

"I got it down at the river," explained the borderer. "The red was spying out the land, and the boys chased him to the stream. It was a pretty long shot, but Old Neverfail made no mistake."

Kenton leaned against the firelit logs and listened to Old Baldy's story of what he had observed in the Indian country north of the river.

"I doubt not they are coming upon the settlements," he said, with no tremor in his tones. "I'm glad you've seen them,

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Sims. They will find us ready when they get here."

"You haven't seen Daniel yet?"

"No. I was on my way to Boonesborough when I came across the lads here."

"The sooner Daniel knows of this the better. I'll go, Baldy. Dry your clothes and come along when you're ready."

With this Simon Kenton picked up his rifle and, bidding all good night, left the cabin.

"There goes the best man in Kentucky next to Daniel Boone!" cried Old Baldy, as the heavy door closed upon the famous borderer.

CHAPTER II.

A TWO-LEGGED BEAR.

For several hours after Kenton's departure Old Baldy remained at the cabin telling stories of his adventures in the Ohio country, which was then the home of some of the fiercest Indian tribes of the old frontier days. He was a good, though modest, story teller, and if we were to turn aside and set down some of his adventures, our young readers would hear but little of the two brave boys with whom they have already become acquainted.

Sims had gained his nickname of Old Baldy from the fact that he had once been scalped by the savages, but, owing to his robust constitution, had recovered to wreak vengeance upon his enemies. He was never known to spare a warrior, but he did not make war on women and children, in which respect he was more merciful than the red men and their allies, the infamous renegades.

It was quite late when he announced that he must be going. He intended to follow Kenton to Boonesborough, where, with the settlers there, among them the intrepid Boone himself, he would prepare to meet the Indian invasion. He took his departure with some sage advice to Justin and Jack, whom he cautioned to be on their guard. The two boys were somewhat isolated, as the cabin was quite a distance from the nearest fort, and for the time being they were the only occupants.

"Keep you eyes peeled," was Old Baldy's parting remark. "You're liable to see more than one Injun soon. The spy won't go back to report to his tribe. Some red prowler is likely to find him on the river bank, for I left him there for the buzzards. I'm no undertaker, just an ordinary killer, as the rascals know by this time."

He was soon lost to view amid the starlit forest, and the boys fell to discussing late events.

About midnight the full moon rose over the river hills and transformed the landscape into a scene of weird beauty. The whole region of Kentucky at that day was a grand wilderness, and it was its beauty and fertility which had drawn Boone and his companions from the farther South, for in Kentucky the old frontiersman said he could find "elbow-room."

"Perhaps we'd better take a little scout before we retire," suggested Jack. "I don't want to be caught napping by Indians, and the warrior whom Old Baldy killed may not have been alone."

Justin thought the idea and excellent one, and the boys shouldered their rifles and sauntered into the woods. Shot, the dog, trotted at their heels, ready for game of any kind.

It was the time of the year when the landscape was at its best, and the moonlight, shifting down through the foliage, speckled the ground with patches of light.

Not far from the cabin a small creek meandered through the forest and the boys soon reached it. A log spanned the water at a certain spot which they had visited on previous occasions, and now they paused there and for a few moments admired their surroundings.

"We'll go as far as the old shanty," said Jack. "If we find nothing near it I guess we can go back and sleep undisturbed."

The place mentioned by the border boy was once the home of an adventurous settler who had been surprised by the savages and murdered with all his family, several years prior to the opening of our present story.

The ruined cabin stood on a little rise, and since the invasion forest undergrowth had grown rank about it, until it was a wild-looking spot.

The boys reached the place after a brisk walk, and halted before the battered door.

"I hope Old Baldy is mistaken," said Justin, turning to Jack. "It would be a shame to be attacked by the Indians just when the settlements are prospering."

"Those villains care little for that," was th reply. "They seem to wait till the whites are lulled into security, when they burst like a storm from the Ohio country, and with hatchet and tomahawk sweep the whole frontier."

"You are right, Jack. There will never be any peace in Kentucky till the red men are exterminated."

Jack did not reply, for he was gazing in silence toward a certain spot where the ground was open.

"What do you see?" asked Justin, after watching him a few moments.

Jack raised his arm and pointed forward.

"I don't know that I see anything suspicious," said he, doubtingly. "But just look over my hand, Justin, and fix your gaze down yonder where the big tree stands out alone."

Justin Rudy stepped a little closer to his companion and obeyed.

"It's a bear, Jack!" he exclaimed.

"That's what I've been thinking. I've been watching it for five minutes, and it has all the movements of a bear. Once I saw it rise upon its hind feet and take a few steps just like a man."

"Bears can do that, you know."

"Certainly. Now watch the old fellow a little closer. Maybe he will come close enough for a shot."

The boys in buckskin were half hidden by the shrubbery around the cabin, and were not likely to be perceived by the keenest bear that ever ran the old Kntucky trails.

"He's a nosey old fellow," Jack laughed. "Must have come out of his den for a moonlight stroll."

They continued their watch for ten minutes. Now the object would be lost to sight, and again he would get into the open, where he could be plainly seen.

"Let's creep the old rascal," suddenly suggested Justin. "He seems to be entirely unaware of our presence, and a shot would tell him that just now this is a dangerous locality for his bearship."

Bidding Shot be still, the boys moved forward with rifles at full cock, and stole through the forest with their gaze riveted on the spot where they had spied the intruder.

"I never saw a bear act just that way before," suddenly ejaculated Justin. "He seems to delight being on his hind feet. Look, Jack! he can stand almost as straight as a man."

Jack Niekirk said nothing, but raised his rifle to his shoulder and glanced wistfully along the barrel.

"Don't miss," said Justin in a low whisper.

"What: miss a target as big as that?" was the laughing answer. "I will break my rifle if I do, Justin."

The following moment the clear report of the youth's weapon broke the heavy stillness.

"Jupiter!" rang from Justin's throat. "Your bear is an Indian, Jack!"

Jack was too astonished to speak.

Hard upon the flash of the rifle there came a wild yell, and the shaggy covering of the target was thrown aside and an Indian warrior stood revealed.

Shot would have bounded forward if Justin had not seized his collar and held him back.

The "target" had risen from the ground and was dancing about in mad pain, all the time filling the air with yells of rage.

"There he goes!" cried Jack. "Don't let the "bear" escape us, Justin."

The Indian had turned and fled. He was racing through the forest, a little unsteady in his gait, and his cries had suddenly ceased.

"Let the dog try him!" shouted Jack. "Shot has no love for redskins. On, dog, on!"

The huge animal needed no urging. He was fairly flying through the timber, his cries warning the Indian that he had a terrible enemy at his heels. The boys followed as rapidly as possible.

"He's making for the creek," Jack said. "Shot will bring him to bay before he reaches it."

This seemed to be apparent, for the dog was rapidly shortening the distance between him and his quarry.

All at once the Indian stopped. He seemed to see that he must first put an end to the dog if he hoped for freedom, and the boys as they neared him saw him draw his tomahawk and throw himself upon the defensive.

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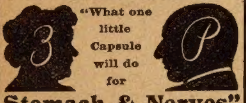

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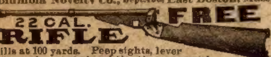

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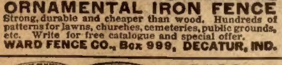

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"Quick, Jack!" cried Justin. "The red mustn't kill Shot."

Jack stopped and once more threw his rifle to his shoulder. Almost at the same moment the Indian launched his hatchet straight at his four-footed pursuer, and there sped from Shot's throat an agonizing cry.

Jack pressed the trigger, and the Indian staggered, but did not fall. In another second he was racing for life again.

There was no one fleeter of foot than Justin Rudy in the Kentucky woods. He was strong of limb and agile, and as he darted forward with the intention of coming up with the savage, he forgot that the red man was not without a weapon.

Suddenly, in descending a hill which terminated at the brink of the forest creek, an unseen root tripped the warrior, and he pitched headlong, landing on his face. Justin gave utterance to a cry of victory.

Before the brave could rise, the boy threw himself upon him and exerted all his powers to master him. Over and over among the leaves they rolled, the Indian attempting to use his scalping-knife and Justin seeking to prevent. It was a tenacious struggle for life or death.

At last, by a supreme effort, the Indian succeeded in throwing off his young adversary, and in another moment the knife would have found Justin's body if Jack had not struck the redskin down with the butt of his rifle.

"There's our bear!" cried the boy, as he turned to Justin, who was getting a second wind.

"A two-legged bruin," smiled Justin.

Seeing that the Indian was breathing, the boys took some thongs from their pockets and proceeded to make him secure by binding his hands on his back.

The prisoner did not speak during the operation, but eyed his captors with flashing eyes. He was a young Indian, naked to the waist, with the exception of the remnants of a blanket about his shoulders. He carried a handsome powder horn and his leggings were fringed with beads.

All at once he spoke.

"What white boys going to do with Red Mink?" he asked.

"So, that's your name?" cried Jack. "Well, Red Mink, we may take you to Boonesborough and let Daniel Boone sit upon your case."

The captive's gaze dropped.

Half an hour later the boys were back in the cabin and Red Mink was lying on the floor with his dark eyes half closed. Shot had been carried home, and Justin said that with a few days' nursing he would be well again.

"We'll take you to Boone tomorrow," Jack said, addressing the Indian.

There was no answer. The human bear turned over and gazed stolidly at the fire. Jack and Justin knew that he was as dangerous as a rattlesnake.

CHAPTER III.

THE FLYING LEAP.

It was a good five miles to Boonesborough. This was the station built by Boone and his companions after they reached the wilderness of Kentucky. It was considered quite secure and capable of sustaining any attack. It consisted of cabins, blockhouses and a stockade. The range of cabins formed one side of the fort. These rude dwellings, which were built of strong logs, were separated by divisions of timber. The stockade was about ten feet in height, and the cabins had projecting roofs and loopholes which were made so as to defend the fort against an enemy.

There was a heavy folding gate on one side of the stockade nearest the spring, which was some distance from the fort, and it was this gate which was always well guarded day and night. The whole fort, with its walls and cabins, was constructed without the aid of a single nail or iron spike, as such articles were not known in the wilderness.

When morning came Justin roused their captive. Red Mink had had a good sleep, and when he rose to his feet and leaned against the logs the boys could not but admire his figure, which was perfect. He partook of the food which the boys offered, and when they informed him that they were about to take him to Boonesborough he did not demur.

During the journey through the forest Red Mink became talkative and told his captors that his Indian name was Owasso, which meant Red Mink. He said that he was the son of Gray Cloud, a famous Shawnee chief, but he refused to disclose why he had masqueraded in bearskin.

Nothing of note occurred during the trip. Boone himself threw open the gate of the forest fort and stared at the trio as they entered. In a few moments all within the stockade knew of the arrival.

It was war to the knife between the white men and the Indians. Little mercy was shown by either side, and when Kenton saw Red Mink he wanted to know why the boys had taken the trouble to bring him in alive.

"We couldn't kill one whom we had overpowered," answered Justin. "That would have been brutal."

"But he's an Indian!" cried Kenton.

"I know he is."

"And that's why he should die. We'll finish him at short notice."

Red Mink did not speak. He drew his figure to its proudest height and cast his eagle-like gaze over the crowd that confronted him.

Old Baldy stood apart from the rest with his long-barreled rifle resting in the hollow of his arm. The old hunter seemed in deep thought. He hated Indians with all his nature, and here was one within reach of his arm who still lived. He had never seen anything good in an Indian.

Daniel Boone for some time faced the young Shawnee and looked into the depths of his dark eyes. Suddenly he strode forward and laid his hand on Red Mink's arm.

"Tell me," said the frontiersman, "why were you masquerading as a bear?"

"Red Mink was just playing," answered the redskin in good English.

"But why playing so near us?" persisted Boone. "Don't they allow you to play bear nearer home?"

There was no reply to these words.

"It's the old trick," cried Kenton. "He was going to get close to the fort in the guise he wore."

"That's it," said Old Baldy. "He was just trying his part."

Boone silenced further discussion by a glance.

"When will your tribe be here to give us a tussle?" he asked Red Mink.

The young Indian shrugged his shoulders, but did not break his silence.

"Make him tell," exclaimed Kenton. "He was playing spy and knows all about the coming invasion.

"Let me quiz him, Simon," responded Boone. "The young red isn't as vicious as he looks."

"Oh, they're all rattlesnakes!" snapped Kenton, turning on his heel.

Boone's voice was not harsh when he spoke again.

"We know that your people are coming," said he. "They are now getting ready to take the warpath."

"Who told the great white captain?"

"The wind, maybe," answered Boone, with a sly glance at Old Baldy.

"Then let the white man believe the wind, if he will."

"It's no use," almost roared Kenton, striding forward. "Are we going to let the young red go and doom everybody in the fort?"

Jack and Justin saw that the fate of their captive was trembling in the balances of fate. They felt that Boone's scruples would be brushed aside and the sentiments of such men as Kenton and Old Baldy prevail. They had given Red Mink no promises of clemency, but they did not deem it right that he should be slain to appease such Indian haters as the borderers.

"We claim Red Mink as our prisoner," suddenly said Jack, looking at Boone. "We caught him——"

"That won't do!" interrupted Simon Kenton. "You've brought him to Boonesborough, and he belongs to the fort now."

Jack flushed deeply under these words. He knew Simon Kenton as a man who was merciless when a red man's life was on trial, but he had hopes that Daniel Boone would not give in.

The Shawnee stood like a statue before the backwoods court. His bonds had been severed, and he folded his arms on his naked chest, whilst his eye roved around the group of armed men.

Although he hated savages as much as any one, Boone was not the man to take life ruthlessly. He could not kill an unarmed captive, but he saw that the tide was rapidly rising for Red Mink's destruction.

Both Jack and Justin were not ignorant of what was surely coming.

"Give the young red a chance," said Justin. "He's one against forty. You will not kill him as you would a wolf?"

"That's just what I would do!" cried Kenton, stamping his foot. "I'd kill him where he stands and hang his scalp on a

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on the stockade as a warning to his

ath to the Indian!" came from y throats. "To spare him is to have er tomahawk against us."

te were fast reaching a crisis. vere cocking their rifles, and the children were falling back. once Justin threw himself in front Mink and deliberately cocked his on.

e did not have to look around to see Jack had followed his example, for stood at his elbow in an attitude of ance. The boys' action caused silence fall over the scene.

Kenton was furious, and Old Baldy oked at the two boys from under his s in no good humor.

Indian's defender is no better than dian," flashed Simon Kenton.

stin turned to the borderer and xed him with his gaze.

ou've no right to kill an unarmed soner," said he. "We claim Red Mink our captsive."

d I suppose you'd send him back good rifle for use against the settlements?" sneered Kenton.

d give him a chance, which is than you would do," was the retort.

"What sort o' chance would give the d?" asked Old Baldy, as he stepped forward.

"Open the gate and give him five rods start," was the reply.

Kenton laughed derisively.

"Never! The Indian might get away."

"With all your boasted marksmanship?" smiled Justin. "Can't you hit a running Indian, Simon?"

"Why not give him fifty rods and be done with it?" asked Sims. "You'll be Shawnees next, boys."

To this taunt there was no response, but Justin and Jack did not move a foot.

"We'll settle the Indian's case later on," said Boone, interposing. "Boonesborough will hold him."

Kenton and Old Baldy exchanged significant looks at this and walked away.

"Take him to my cabin," continued Boone. "I will have a guard placed over him."

Three men advanced to seize Red Mink. The young Indian threw a swift glance at the stockade in front of him, and seemed to pull himself together. The next moment he darted forward, sweeping aside the borderers, as he raced toward the fall a loud cry arose from every side. His action had been as swift as a bolt of lightning.

The coolest men seemed paralyzed by the Indian's daring. He went over the ground like a bounding ball, and, suddenly springing into the air, shot over the top of the stockade like a rocket. Such a leap had never been seen on the border. A wild cry rose from nearly every throat; there was a rush for the gate, and Boone himself was the first man there. Red Mink was zigzagging through the forest with every nerve at its greatest tension. Boone's rifle struck his shoulder, and his keen eye glanced along the barrel.

"No," said he, suddenly lowering the weapon. "I can't shoot an Indian who can jump like that."

At that moment the agile figure of Kenton shot past the king of the frontier and was racing after the Shawnee. A better runner than Simon had never traveled the trails of the woods, and in a few moments the two figures vanished.

Two hours later Kenton came back. He was panting like a buck, and when he entered the fort he leaned against a cabin and shook his head.

"Well, Simon, did he distance you?" asked Boone, with a sly look in his eye.

"That varmint's feet were shod with lightning," confessed Kenton, in ill humor. "I verily believe he can beat a bullet."

Kenton growled out a border oath.

"Where are the boys?" he cried. "Where are the young buck's allies?"

"They've gone back to their cabin on the creek."

"It's good for their hides that they're not here. They are no better than the Indian. I hope that young buck will wear their scalps at his belt one of these days!" and with this the maddened borderer strode away, grunting out his vengeance against our young friends.

When night came double guards were posted along the walls of the fort to ward against a surprise.

The buckskin boys were at home once more and seated on low stools before the hearth. Suddenly a noise fell upon their ears. They sprang up as Shot growled and seized their rifles. At that moment a dark hand was thrust in at the window, and something fell on the floor at their feet. Justin, being nearest, picked it up and turned to Jack. He held a broken arrow in his hand, and both boys noticed with a sh der that the barb was dripping with blood.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this rattling boys' story. They have great times. Read it to the end and see. We will give you constantly the very best stories that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Plenty Light.

Marie—You see things in a different ht now you are married.

Rose—I ought to. There were fifteen ps among our wedding presents.

Salving Conscience.

A couple of tourists staying at a village which is in close proximity to a well-known Scottish loch had a fancy one fine Sunday to go for a row on the loch. They accordingly sallied forth in search of the boatman, whom they met just leaving his house, dressed in his Sunday best, and carrying a Bible under his arm.

"We want to go for a row," said one of the tourists.

"Dae ye no' ken it's Sawbath!" answered Sandy; "ye'll no' get a boat frae me the day, forbye I'll hae ye tae ken that I am an elder o' the kirk."

"Yes, yes," expostulated the tourists, "that's all very well for you, but we don't require you with us. You can go to church; we can row ourselves."

"Ay, ay," said the elder, "but jist think what the meenister'll say."

"Never mind the minister," was the reply; "he will know nothing about it. We will pay you well."

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, "I'll no' let ye the boat, but I'll tell whit I'll dae. Dae ye see yon wee boatie doon among the rushes? Weel, she's ready wi' the oars inside. Jist ye gang down there, an' row oot tae the middle o' the loch, an' I'll come doon tae the bank an' swear at ye; bit never ye mind, ye jist row on an' I'll call for the money Monday."

* * *

He Lived.

A Texas cowman stopped at a little hotel up in Oklahoma. The night was cold, and the bed clothes were thin. After trying to sleep for an hour the guest dressed and went downstairs.

"I can't sleep in that bed," he said.

"What's the matter?" the proprietor asked.

"Too cold."

The hotel man was not in the least abashed.

"All you fellows from Texas kick about the bed clothes being too thin, but I notice you come down alive the next morning, all right."

The guest returned to his room, pulled the carpet off the floor, ripped it and cut it into three or four thicknesses of bed cover, and got his night's rest. The next morning the proprietor greeted him with:

"I thought you'd come down alive."

"Oh, I made out," the other replied.

The hotel man thought he detected a spark in the Texan's eye, but that resourceful gentleman had been gone an hour when his host finally tore downstairs with a gun in his hand, shouting anathemas down the trail.

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Every woman reader of this magazine will probably ask herself a question like this:

Why does Harriet Richards give a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound free to thousands of women that she doesn't know?

I will tell you why.

Harriet Richards will be honest with you.

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send **you, your daughter, your sister, your mother,** or any ailing **friend,** a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound **absolutely free.** It is a remedy for the treatment of woman's ailments, and I want to tell you **all about** it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—**let me prove it to you,** and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so **quickly** and **surely cured** women's ailments. **No internal** dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors, Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women, and I will send you

This Fifty-Cent Box of Balm of Figs Compound Absolutely FREE

I will send it to you **absolutely free,** to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound and am willing to **prove** my faith by sending out these **50-cent boxes free.** Yes, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at **once, today,** and **I will** send you the treatment **entirely free** by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But, after all, the **very best test** of anything is a **personal trial** of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will **convince you** of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the **actual test** of the article itself. Will **you** give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me to-day and remember, if you will simply fill out the attached coupon and return it to me, I will gladly send you a Fifty-cent Box of Balm of Figs Compound **absolutely FREE** for the asking, or if you prefer to write a letter you can address me in all confidence.

MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS
SPECIAL BOX E 72, - - **JOLIET, ILLINOIS**

Note: I will also send you free our book entitled "A Perfect Woman." This book should be in the hands of every woman and will prove of great benefit to all who receive it. I want you to have one. H. M. R.

COUPON
Mrs. Harriet M. Richards,
Special Box E 72, Joliet, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Richards:—As I am in need of a remedy like Balm of Figs Compound, I will be pleased to have you send me—free of any cost—one fifty-cent box by return mail.

Name..........
Address..........
....

A GENUINE RUPTURE CURE SEN ON TRIAL TO PROVE IT

Don't Wear a Truss Any Longe

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced an Appliance for Men, W and Children That Actually Cures Rupture

Are You Ruptured?

If so, the BROOKS APPLIANCE is made for You; You and all other Men, Women and Children who are sufferers from this annoying and dangerous trouble. That truss you have been wearing—one of many you have tried—chafed and irritated you and was worse than nothing. It had springs and pads and harness and straps and fixings galore and was continually getting out of shape—slipping down or working up and always needing attention. Then, there were salves and washes and ointments to make the case worse and harder to bear. I want to say that you will find none of these annoyances and vexations in the BROOKS APPLIANCE. At least they are reduced to a minimum. This APPLIANCE was made with a view to eliminate, to do away with, just such trouble. I would have been foolish to work half a lifetime, thinking out and perfecting a thing that had no advantage or was not better than scores of other inventions upon the market. In my APPLIANCE you will find the old objectionable features LEFT OUT. You will find it easy to wear. You will scarcely realize that you are wearing it. There is no binding, drawing and slipping out of place. It does its work effectively and with comfort to the wearer. I want you to read my book, in which I have taken pains to give full particulars about it. Then, there are a few letters printed in it—selected at random from among hundreds written by men and women who have been cured. You write these folks and see what they say. If I were you I would see to this matter without waiting. You can put off some things without running much risk, but a rupture is a dangerous proposition to neglect. A rupture is not only bad and serious of itself, but it leads to things infinitely worse. Fill out coupon and mail TODAY. Tomorrow will do, but today is better.

Don't Make The Child Wear a Truss Through Life

Want to Reach the Parents of Every Ruptured Child in the Country

The Truss Is a Flesh Torturing Invention Fit Only As a Relic of Barbarity.

I want them to know about the Automatic Air Cushion Rupture Appliance that I make for children who are afflicted in this way.

The Brooks Appliance Cured His Rupture. Now He Is As Sound and Whole As If He Had Never Been Ruptured.

My appliance can be put on any child with perfect safety to the little one. For growing children there is nothing better to be had—no matter how much you pay—than my Appliance. I want the parents or others who may have children in their care to understand that there should be no delay in getting proper help for ruptured children.

Every day that the rupture is allowed to go on without the right means of correcting it—just so much harder will it be for the child to get rid of it.

No ruptured child can ever be free from the thought of the rupture and it is not fair to any child not to have an equal chance with other children. No matter what we may wish to think—ruptured children do **not** have an equal chance.

Common trusses do not help.

Thousands of men and women know that from their own experience with such trusses.

But it is not necessary for children to wear harsh, cumbersome, steel trusses any more.

You may have had to wear something like this but don't make your child do it. Give the child something better.

My Appliance is better and I want to prove it to you.

I will make an Appliance to the child's measure, send it on TRIAL—put it into your hands to see and use and then you can say whether it is what I claim or not.

The Automatic Air Cushion conforms with every movement of the child; there is an even, gentle pressure which gradually binds the broken parts together—as you would bind a broken limb—and then no matter how much the child jumps, runs, rolls over or falls down—the pressure is kept up just the same—always drawing the parts together.

Write me today and get all the information—send the coupon.

The above is C. E. Brooks of Marshall, Mich., the inventor, who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him today.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you may also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my appliance or not.

Others Failed But the Appliance Cured

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully,

WM. PATTERSON.
No 717 S. Main St., Akron, Ohio.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at anytime, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunates who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers, I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.
80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Ten Reasons Wh

You Should Send for Brooks' Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Applian of the kind on the market today, and it are embodied the principals that i ventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining rupture cannot be thrown out of posit
3. Being an air cushion of soft it clings closely to the body, ye blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called used in other trusses, it is not cu some or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliab positively cannot be detected throug clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding Appliance do not give one the unpleasa sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to foul, and when it becomes soiled it ca washed without injuring it in the
8. There are no metal spring Appliance to torture one by bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which t pliances are made is of the very money can buy, making it a safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty dealing is so thoroughly establish an experience of over thirty yea dealing with the public, and my are so reasonable, my terms so fair there certainly should be no hesitar sending free coupon today.

Cured at the Age of 7

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.,
Dear Sir:—

I began using your Appliance cure of rupture (I had a pretty I think in May, 1905. On Nove, 1905, I quit using it. Since tha have not needed or used it. I am rupture and rank myself amon cured by the Brooks Discovery considering my age, 76 years, I remarkable. Very sincer

SAM A. HOOVER, J

Child Cured in

Brooks Rupture Applian

Gentlemen:—The baby's rupt together cured, thanks to yo ance and we are so thankful t we could only have known of our little boy would not have suffer near as much as he did. I your brace a little over four mon has not worn it now for s

Yours very truly
ANDREW EGGENBE
21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Io

Recommend From Texa

Brooks Rupture Appliance
Marshall, Mich.
Gentlemen:—

I feel it my duty to le all people afflicted as I wa your Appliance has done been ruptured for many worn many different trusses, got any relief until I got your I put it on last November, but little faith in it, but must say cured. I have laid it away— off for two weeks and doing a farm work with ease. While I ing it, I had la grippe and c great deal but it held all righ cannot express my gratitude to and your ppliance. Will reco to all ruptured people. Yours s

J. E.

FREE INFORMATION COUPO

C. E. BROOKS, 119B STATE ST., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated bo information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name ....

City ....

R. F. D. .... State ....